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dained as man's food. But this privilege has been granted by themselves and must not be abused. The slightest waste or cruelty will cause them not only to withdraw the food supply but also to punish man himself by disease. The way to cure disease is to please the animals by virtuous living and thus acquire power to overcome the evils they send. The cycle is complete. The connection of practical economy with religious belief has been worked out by this frugal people as far as by anyone.

Not only the animals are living powers. Every part of the natural environment is also personified and must be treated with circumspection and respect. The individual, when going about his duties, should never attack nature roughly, but explain his need and ask for help. "I have come to get clay," says the woman who is digging material for her pots, "be favorable to me." The hunter, bending over a dead deer, apologizes: "I have killed you because I need food. Do not be angry." The planter, taking a handful of corn kernels from his pouch, adjures them: "I am dropping you into the earth. Now ripen well." It is a religion whose every act is focused upon the forces of nature, constraining them to help man or, at least, not to hinder him in his arduous tasks.

Those forces are not either good or evil. The Papago do not explain the supernatural world as a dualism, inhabited by both kindly and maleficent spirits. Rather, it is permeated by power which is helpful or destructive according to the medium through which it passes. A good being, human or supernatural, will use it for good; a bad one for evil. And the same being will change from time to time. Thus I'itoi and Earthmaker are not opposed forces, like God and the devil, but both in turn benefit man; then both mishandle their power and harm him. So the animal guardian spirits can turn unfriendly and send diseases. So the shaman can change from a healer to a sorcerer.

The fear of power is an underlying motive in Papago religion quite as much as the reverence for it. A man who has obtained power through vision or ceremony is regarded with apprehension as well as respect. "He might forget to take care of his fetish, and then he could make us all sick." The shaman, greatest recipient of power, is also the only villager who can be killed with impunity.

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Papago records are full of accounts of the lynching of shamans whose power had turned destructive, perhaps without their knowledge. I'itoi himself was killed in just this way. It may be suggested that the story of the "dying god," shared by the Papago with several California tribes, is, in fact, a magnified picture of shaman killing, reflecting actual practice among the peoples concerned.

CONTACT WITH THE SUPERNATURALS

Contact with the supernaturals was achieved by two methods that differ so much that they amount to separate religious systems. On the one hand was a calendric round of ceremonies, conducted by a priestly hierarchy and bringing blessing to the whole community. It was a system of group control, in which the average man made no individual approach to the supernatural and received no individual power. He danced as directed, and he helped with the manual work of a ceremony, but he had no other responsibility. The blessing he received was the general one of well being for his village.

Opposed to this was the democratic concept of the guardian spirit, opening the power quest to everyone. Formerly a Papago expected no success in life unless he had met some spirit tutelary who had given him a song for use in time of need. Old tales do not speak of heroes by name, but rather as hawk meeter, Coyote meeter, crane meeter. The conquest of the great houses is explained by the statement: "They could do nothing against us, we had so many meeters."

One such system has usually been enough for an Indian group—as communal ceremonies were for the Pueblos, and the vision for the Plains. With the Papago the two seem to have been almost equally developed. However, each had a distinct function. Communal ceremonies brought rain and therefore food; they have been spoken of here as "food ceremonies." Vision experiences brought power for individual achievements; the rites which set the seal on such achievements have been referred to as "power ceremonies." Different as the two were, both in purpose and in procedure, they were oriented to one final end, the acquisition of rain. Even in-

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feathers hanging over the dance place, shake it, and cause drops to fall. Or they might squeeze drops from some object held in the hand, even from crystal. "Between dances I was nursing my baby, and I fell asleep. A shaman, who was my kinsman, came with his eagle plumes and squeezed drops on my face to wake me."(26)

The dancing lasted until dawn, with pauses for smoking. These pauses were, anciently, a period of license, regarded as fertility magic. No opprobrium attached to the changing of partners by married people at such a time, and many young men were famous for their exploits. Young girls, who were carefully secluded, were either not allowed to attend at all or were kept close to their mothers all night.

At dawn, the crier bade the people go home and sleep, but to come again and sing on the following night. In some of the villages a rabbit hunt was held on the intervening day, so that there might be a feast for guests. Otherwise, the people slept. Meanwhile, the tasters continued to test the liquor and to watch it ferment; if it showed no signs of bubbling, after forty-eight hours, some shaman would be accused of bewitching it. The writer remembers an occasion at Santa Rosa, when the liquor failed to bubble at the proper time. The village was shrouded in an atmosphere of gloom and was rife with accusations, both of sorcery and of breach of taboo. Had not fermentation finally taken place, there might have been some unpleasant incidents.

On the second night the people sang again, and toward dawn, if all went well, the liquor was generally at the peak of fermentation. After the final song and before the people separated, the shamans announced when rain might be expected. If there were several shamans and each made a different prognostication, those who were mistaken were in danger of losing their reputation. There was usually some leeway in that a man might say: "I meant four days from the end of the singing, not from the beginning"; or, "I meant a heavy rain, not a light one." Then the crier sent the people home with the words:

27. When the liquor has reached the right point, then you will eat. Then up there [at your houses] the blackface will summon you. Immediately you will assemble. We shall sit and drink.(26)

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After four songs the shaman took up one sample of each fruit in succession, blew upon it, held it up, and asked help of the rain-houses of east, north, west, and south. As the singing proceeded, he looked about, as he would look for a war party, to see if danger threatened the crop from any direction. If he foresaw the coming of a pest, blight, or sorcery, the company sang the songs to avert evil, described later.

Next day the effigies were taken to fields and hills and left, with the invocation: "I place you here. Do you grow well. Then our children and our relatives coming from elsewhere may eat." Sometimes the shaman went to each individual cornfield, at the request of its owner. He might plant an effigy of corn or merely an ironwood stake, making a similar invocation.(1)

Tobacco songs were not sung in public. Tobacco must be planted far from the village, for if any one other than the planter looked on it while it was sprouting, it would sink back into the ground. If a menstruating woman should pass near it at any time, it would wither. Therefore it was planted only by certain men who knew the ritual. Papago mythology has flowered into several tobacco stories, of which one is a variant of that told about squash.

Corn and tobacco were once men who held an archery contest. They quarreled over the result and were expelled from the village as undesirable neighbors. As they went they halted continually and looked back to see if a peace messenger were following. But no one came. So they found a plot of land and planted corn and tobacco, which they took from their hearts. After some years, people missed them. They sent a messenger, who, after much wandering, found the corn by holding up a tuft of eagle down and feeling how the wind blew on it. The wind smelled of corn. But corn and tobacco were angry and would not come back. Corn gave the messenger a few small grains from the end of the ear, saying "This is all you may have," and tobacco gave faded leaves from the bottom of the stalk. Nevertheless, each gave songs to aid in the use of his gift.

The songs are said to be those of the regular scraping-stick group. Another story has its place in the origin myth. It concerns the period during I'itoi's early guardianship of the people.

After Elder Brother had killed cannibal woman, the people feasted on her flesh. Two boys and their grandmother got none. The grand-

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SHAMANISM

756 THE shaman was the only individualist in Papago society. He received genuine pay for his services, while others, even those with power visions, worked only for their food. He was not afraid of being rich, nor did he resent the epithet of "stingy," which would blight another man. But he paid for his eminence with the constant risk of his life. He must guess correctly at the outcome of war and games, for if he failed and had no equivocation ready, he was liable to lynching. If he lost too many patients, he must be quick to accuse some other shaman of sorcery and to choose one weaker than himself, lest the accusation rebound and destroy him. Only a bold and astute man could have sustained such a role, and it was, perhaps, his unusual character as well as the dread of his power which subjected him to the constant suspicion of sorcery.

VARIETIES OF SHAMANISM

791 The Papago shaman (*mákai*) was primarily a diviner and prophet.[1] He "saw" the date of the first summer storm, the outcome of games, the whereabouts of the enemy, or the cause of disease. Subsequent action was often the responsibility of others. Still, the prophet-shaman could work various forms of magic, either to show his own power or to prevent sorcery. "A rain shaman could spit on a crystal, hold it toward the sun, and cause drops of water to fall out." He could shake rain from his eagle plumes or from the

[1] The Pima also use the word *mákai* for diviner and magician (Russell, pp. 258–60), while the curing shaman is *siatcokam*. The Papago do not differentiate the two, but the difference in terms is, perhaps, not to be taken seriously, since the Papago have another word (*siiwanyi*) for rain magician. Possibly there were several terms current in the area at one time, and standardization may have been a local development.

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plumes strung over the dance ground at the rainmaking ceremony. The husband of one informant could "spit on a stick, twist it, and wring out water."(26) Such a man was known as *siiwanyi,* which means rain magician, rather than mere medicine man. It is the term applied to the rulers of the greathouses and also to the leader of the salt pilgrimage, who brings rain from the ocean.

War shamans were meeters of the owl in whose body the souls of the dead could become incarnated. Such a shaman accompanied a war party and spoke with the spirits of Papago warriors dead in the enemy country, who acted as spies on the Apache movements. Less often, he communicated with the peaceful dead at home. Miss Densmore [2] quotes some songs by an "owl woman" who held such communication in recent times. Other shamans acquired special powers for bringing luck in games and casting spells on the opponents. Before a kickball race, two who were so gifted rolled the ball back and forth between them, singing to insure power to their side. When the shirts, baskets, and hides wagered by the rival villages were piled up, each hoard was guarded by a shaman. During the wait before the race, these champions sometimes gave proof of their powers by swallowing swordlike sticks, eating fire, walking on hot embers, and causing objects to disappear. No harm came to the shaman who was worsted in the contest, but the poverty of his powers, thus revealed, took the strength from his village and made it almost certain to lose in the contest.

Shamans owned love magic. A "mushroom," which corresponds to the Huichol description of peyote, was a strong love charm. A man stalked it like a deer, and shot it with an arrow before it had time to disappear into the ground. He must then give it to a shaman for magic treatment before he could carry it as a love charm. One informant reported of a shaman: "He had four wives. By the time he took the fourth, he was a very old man, but as a shaman he could 'do something' to make her love him." Four, it may be mentioned, was the traditional number of the shaman's wives, while the average man rarely got beyond two. The standard taunt to one who could afford more was: "Well, have you become a shaman?"

[2] Densmore, pp. 114–34.

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Shamans were paid for their love magic, but for their public 756
services in war or rainmaking they received no return. "It brought good to the village, and they had their share."

The function which made a shaman rich was his dealing with disease, but here, too, he was seer and diagnostician more often than healer. This was because in the Papago area there were diverse [753]
explanations of disease, each demanding its own form of cure and its own practitioner. The shaman's "seeing" of one of these forms of disease had nothing to do with symptoms. These were ill defined at best, and any one of them might be attributed to any cause. Diagnosis was a purely introspective matter, in which the supernatural influence which had sent disease was revealed to the shaman in a vision. Treatment was then a matter of routine.

There were three supernatural causes of disease, all treated on 753
the principle that like cures like. One was ceremonial lapse, which 756
meant some error or disrespect committed at a ceremony. Against such a breaking of taboo the shaman was powerless, and cure was in the hands of the ritualists who managed the performance. A second cause was the ill will of animals. Each of these controlled some particular disease, sent as punishment on human beings who had offended it. Again the shaman was powerless unless he had dreamed of the animal in question. He must send for that animal's "meeter." Only one kind of disease was usually treated by the shaman himself. This was the kind caused by the intrusion of a foreign object in the patient's body, an explanation which was, perhaps, the most widely accepted of all. The object was thought to have been shot into place by sorcery, and therefore the shaman, a potential sorcerer himself, was the proper person to remove it. His remedy was sucking, and many of the shaman-prophets added this to their other specialties. Some diagnosticians, however, "did not have it in their dreams," and in that case they called in another shaman.[8]

[8] It would appear from Russell (pp. 161–62) that this, too, may have been the case with the Pima. He gives a somewhat confused account by a patient in which four shamans sang in succession. The first two, who gave no treatment, were obviously diagnosticians. The second two, who used the usual curing paraphernalia of rattle and feathers, were probably sucking shamans, for one finally sucked out the evil.

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SHAMAN'S PREPARATION

756 According to the shaman, his power came entirely from dreams, unaided by human teaching. Sometimes he received his vocation very early and without his own volition.

A boy may be walking somewhere, and he meets someone who is really a turtle or, perhaps, a mountain lion or an eagle. This person says: "You will be a shaman. Do this and do that." If the boy wants to be a shaman, he will not tell the dream; but if he does not want to, he tells it and spoils its power.(9)

The accounts indicate that some dreamers might have been neurotic or even epileptic.

My little brother used to fall down dead. Once in every moon he would do that. Then we knew that he was meeting some animal. When he seemed to be dead, he was away talking to Coyote. My father and mother saw, but they were not worried: they were glad he was to be a shaman. If a shaman came to our house to sing, my brother would sing with him, and sometimes, too, he would lie and sing to himself.(26)

Such experiences came usually to boys, but girls were not debarred.

When I was a young girl, I was always running about on the desert, looking at things. My heart was not cool. I thought I saw Coyote, when there was no Coyote there. Then I saw a spider on the central post of the house, and he stopped and looked at me, just ready to speak. I made a song; a song about Coyote.

They had a shaman to sing over me to find out what was the matter, and in the morning he said: "She could be a shaman."

"That cannot be," said my father. "We have one shaman in the house, and that is enough."

Already the divining crystals were growing inside me, but the shaman sucked them out. He leaned over me and sucked them out of my breast, one by one. They were as long as the joint of my little finger, white and moving, like worms.

The shaman said: "Look! I have taken them out before they got big." Then he made a hole in a giant cactus and put them inside.(26)

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Most women were discouraged from practicing shamanism until after childbearing age, and the prowess they could attain after such a late start never gave them important standing. As in White society, women doctors usually confined themselves to obstetrics and children's diseases.

Shamans did not always wait for a vision. The neurotic boy might receive one early and might or might not venture to follow it. The determined man would go to seek it. The usual possibilities of scalping, eagle killing, and salt gathering were open to him, and shamanistic dreams are reported from all these experiences. Scalping, however, usually brought war power and the salt pilgrimage, though very effective, was too infrequent. The simplest expedient was the killing of an eagle.

A shaman of the writer's acquaintance killed four successive eagles in as many summers while acquiring his power or, in other words, making up his mind to the hazards of a shamanistic career. The spirits of the dead birds came to him according to pattern, and the first merely told him how to make reed tubes for the game of hidden ball. He became a successful gambler, but, not satisfied, he tried again the next summer.

The eagle came again looking like a man. He took me to a place where the sun lay on the ground, with a palisade of stakes around it. He said: "Get in." I did. Then we both stood in the sun. After that, we rose in spirals to the upper darkness. It was full of snakes. We passed through them and came to some houses, facing north. The guide asked me to sleep in one, but I refused. He said: "Where will you sleep?" I said: "At home." It seemed there was no way to get home, but the guide showed me a hidden gate. So I went out by it and home.

This vision gave the dreamer a conviction that he was fit for supernatural experiences. So, the next summer he killed another eagle. This time the visitant taught him a series of songs. They concerned supernatural experiences and were to be used to induce a state of trance, but did not refer to any special power.

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SHAMAN'S SONGS DREAMED AFTER EAGLE KILLING (16)

Eagle, visiting the visionary, thinks the reed tassel is another man and retires.

1. Alone I am standing.
The reed tassel frightens me.
I came out and lay down.
It frightens me,
I lie and keep looking at it.

2. Westward I ran,
Eager to see the sun house.
Ah! Divining plumes!
Together I saw them;
I saw them.

3. The gray wind blew me;
The gray wind blew me.
There, in the east, I fell down.
May I live long.

4. The wind moves slowly;
The wind moves slowly.
It twists my heart.
From the east it comes forth;
To the west it goes, taking me.

5. A little toad
Over there was sick.
Just there behind it
A little ant came out
And ran for the shaman.
Then it tried to sing;
Tried to make a cure
And whistle.

6. A white bird met me;
A white bird met me.
Inside a hill he met me.
A white feather tuft he was waving as he went.
Far away he met me.

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7. The gray partner [Coyote]
To the smooth ground brought me;
Then back to my house returned me.
Over the sky and the earth he took me;
And at the west he brought me out.

8. A little *kolowisi* serpent,
Lying at the water's edge,
Is hanging alone.
He is swinging to and fro,
Singing for the water.
A little *kolowisi* serpent.

The name of the Zuni feathered serpent, occurring in the last song meant nothing to the dreamer, who declared that *kolowisi* was a magic word, known only to him. Perhaps this gives some indication of how memory and chance bits of information are all enlisted by the Papago system in the service of the vision.

As his supernatural experiences grew more intense the dreamer began to have some inkling of his future specialty. If he were to be a rain shaman, he would dream of the frog and the spider, lovers of moisture. A future war shaman would dream of the owl. Sometimes a man specialized in only one of these functions, or so the tales say. The only shaman-prophets existing today are the rain prophets, and those whom the writer knew were diagnosticians as well.

Preparations often continued until middle life, and meantime the future shaman kept his visions a secret. Nevertheless, he was acquiring paraphernalia and experimenting with the knowledge given him. Some shamans used herb medicines in addition to their sucking, and the writer's informant averred that he dreamed these one by one.

"But," he was asked, "suppose there were another would-be shaman, with dreams less powerful than yours, and suppose he wanted to learn from some older man. What might he have to pay?"

Without hesitation came the answer: "Twenty-five head of cattle."

Before making a public appearance, the shaman tested his skill

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956 on a member of his family.[4] The shaman mentioned above cured his mother of a slight ailment and then requested other relatives to let him try. He was by this time a mature man, whose manner of life the people respected. When his kinsmen sang his praises, patients began to flock to him, "to use his power while it was new and strong."

SHAMAN'S EQUIPMENT

The years of preparation were also used in collecting paraphernalia. Although this was practically the same for every shaman, it was all done under direction of the spirits, who might order individual differences in detail which would give special power. The writer's shaman friend had to go to Mexico to purchase a gourd of the right size. Then, although he had seen hundreds of such gourds fitted with handles, he had to "dream" the process of fitting and gumming his own. Finally, he painted the gourd red and decorated it with small perforated patterns, referring to his vision.

The gourd rattle was held in the shaman's right hand, while his left grasped the divining plumes. These were the famous *mâtcuita'k*, consisting of the two top feathers of an eagle's wings. The new shaman might have to go without them for some time, using instead a branch of greasewood, but since his visions preceded his actual practice by many years, he could generally obtain the valuable feathers before they were needed. To get them, he either killed an eagle himself or traded for plumes with some old man who had been guardian to an eagle killer. Rarely, there might be feathers already in the family.

The feathers had to be fitted with a handle, and for this purpose the shaman inserted a small stick in the quill end of each, cementing it with gum. The ends of the sticks projected some six inches beyond the quills, and they and the quills were wrapped with a [284] buckskin thong providing a long stiff stem by which the quills could be grasped. Occasionally a shaman's vision—or his oppor-

[4] Compare the Mohave where, according to the writer's field information, the shamanistic novice *kills* a member of his family. Perhaps a franker version of the same idea.

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tunities—bade him use four feathers instead of two. Then the feathers were first tied in pairs, and afterwards the pairs were fastened together.

The shaman's most precious possession was his crystal, which shed light "like your car lamps" on the seat of disease or the hiding place of an evil shaman. Generally, a shaman possessed not one, but the ceremonial number, four. According to legend, these flakes of quartz are the solidified saliva of I'itoi, who spat on the head of the first shaman so that saliva entered the man's heart. All shamans, supposedly, are able to keep their crystals in their hearts, and it is these which give their saliva its power if they blow it over a patient.

Theoretically, crystals were not obtained from outside, but grew within the shaman's body, "lots of them, like honey in a honeycomb." Their growth in the heart of a young girl has been mentioned, and the same informant recounted: "My brother was a shaman, but he had a bad wife who came to sleep with him while she was menstruating. That killed his crystals so that they rotted away, and another shaman, who looked into his heart, saw it like an empty honeycomb."(26)

However, the young shaman could easily find crystals by hunting over the rocky hills, where quartz fragments abound. Even this was done according to pattern.

> The eagle told me to go at sunset to a certain place and look for crystals. So I did, and in a little hollow I saw four of them lying, all together. I held out my hand, and they jumped into it. Then I held my hand before my mouth, and one by one they jumped down my throat.(16)

Asked to exhibit them, the informant objected: "I keep them in my heart. I never show them."

However, the writer succeeded in obtaining a set of crystals belonging to a defunct shaman, whose family feared their power. They were from one to two inches long, a quarter to half an inch thick and irregularly shaped. They were contained in a little fringed buckskin bag, dyed red and having a long string so that it could be worn around the neck.

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Yonder up Baboquiviri he climbs,
Trying to look for her.(20)

One comic song is included, dreamed by a modern shaman, who uses it in curing.

28. Tucson!
A wretched place.
Thither I went
And saw all the girls.
It made me dizzy to see [the things]
Stuck up on their heads [hats].(16)

After four songs had been sung in this manner, the shaman "cleansed" the patient by touching him with the eagle feathers from the head to the feet, thus dusting off the evil. Each shaman had special mannerisms in the handling of the eagle feathers, some shaking them direct at the patient, some waving them in the air before the cleansing. Doctors were famous on the reservation for these peculiarities.

After the cleansing, the shaman smoked. He might bring his own tobacco, or it might be supplied by the family. Some shamans blew smoke over the patient as is done in the surrounding areas. If he had a visible crystal, he then placed it on the ground before him. It cast a ray of light on the patient's body, showing the seat of disease or the presence of an intrusive object. The ray might not strike clearly for some time, and meantime the shaman fortified himself by singing and smoking. If enlightenment was slow in coming, he might go outside, hoping to fall into a trance and induce another vision. Such a trance is mentioned in the following song.

29. On the desert, far off I lay;
On the desert, far off I lay.
In the deep night, there I learned.
Truly I shall turn into a bull.
Even now I learned it.(20)

At midnight the family of the patient provided food. By this time diagnosis was close, unless the case was very obstinate. The

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shaman began to think about his pay and some introduced hints into their songs. One is reported to have sung:

> Don't give me beads,
> I am not young and handsome.
> Give me a horse; a horse!

A horse or cow was the usual pay, and the family generally brought in a piece of manure to indicate what it would be. If diagnosis were difficult, the shaman might have to sing on other nights (four was the ritual number) before he earned his pay. Usually before dawn he announced what curing singer must be sent for, or else he himself sucked out the disease object. Some shamans did not suck, "because they did not have it in their dreams." They merely recommended that another shaman be called.

If the specialists he had recommended produced no result, a shaman would diagnose again, without further pay. He might thus recommend several curing singers in succession, and if all failed, the blame was not theirs, but his. That such happenings were not infrequent is evidenced by the Papago slang term for shaman, which is "liar."

THE FEMALE SHAMAN

The myths occasionally mention a female shaman who was powerful and whose magic succeeded where that of her male colleagues had failed. In practice, the writer heard of but few female shamans, and these held a very subordinate position. Denied any connection with shamanism until after childbearing age, women often became herbalists[6] and then drifted into a limited shamanism by means of a vision or two. As with white women doctors, circumstances often pushed them into specializing in children's diseases.

One woman known to the writer practiced a peculiar form of therapy which might have seemed her own idiosyncrasy had it not turned out to be an ancient Aztec practice.[7] This was pressing on

[6] See p. 30. [i.e., read p. 300.—Ed.] [7] Sahagún, Seler, p. 366.

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of some ritual neglect on his part, it got out of control and his character altered correspondingly.

Against sorcery there was no defense but the power of another shaman. It was here that the "liar" came into his own and received public recognition. Usually, his part in ceremonies was to sit silent and apart, waiting to prophesy the outcome. He might even be excluded on suspicion of being a sorcerer himself. But we have seen that in one rite, the cleansing ceremony, he had a prominent part, that of driving out possible danger from the year's meat and crops. When danger actually arrived, in the form of blight or epidemic, he was called on again.[12]

SENDING AWAY EVIL

In such a case, the shaman might repeat the cleansing ceremony, as mentioned on p. 105, or he might perform a special exorcism, known as *d'ata*, literally the "sending away" of evil. Since this was a curing rite, scarcely separable from the witch fighting to be described below, it has been discussed as a function of shamanism rather than a communal ceremony. However, the shaman, in this case, had the assistance of a group of singers, as he did at the cleansing ceremony. They sat in a circle at the council house, singing to the accompaniment of the scraping stick. Their songs seem very like those used at the cleansing ceremony proper, but they were given by the same informants, who insisted there was a difference. Apparently in the vicissitudes which overtake song cycles these particular songs became specialized for one purpose.

SONGS FOR SENDING AWAY EVIL

1. The gray comrade [Coyote]
   On his own legs is standing;
   With his own mouth is barking.(20)

2. Over Komari'k Mountain
   A black eagle is circling;
   Yonder toward the west
   He is shining brightly.(20)

[12] For the same procedure among the Pima see Russell, p. 262.

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624 526 Like the war leader, this ceremonial official might have a younger assistant to lead the cheering and argue the possible fouls. The women contestants had a woman for this function "since it would not be right for a woman to argue with a man."

SONG LEADER

624 533 A man with a loud voice and a memory for songs was chosen to lead the communal singing, particularly at the liquor fermentation. He usually asked certain good singers to stand next to him and head the line.

THE COUNCIL

623 In every village, or even where two or three families were camping together, a nightly man's meeting was held. This was the real governing power of the community. It decided on communal activities: agricultural work, hunts, war, the dates of ceremonies, games with other villages. It approved the installation of a chief or of new residents in the village. "And if there was nothing to discuss, they would come together and talk." (21). Men reported whether they had seen tracks of enemies or of deer. Visitors from other villages were welcomed and questioned.

[681] Attendance was a duty for every man and in the myths a man who absented himself was dealt with by a deputation. There was no point at which a boy became officially eligible but when he seemed old enough to understand and wanted to go, some older relative [562] would take him. Women were not admitted but when something interesting was discussed, they would stand outside and listen. "But we didn't do it much, because our husbands came home and told [756] us." According to two informants, the shaman was excluded as a possible sorcerer (1).

There was a distinction between the men who formed the actual deliberative body and the listeners. The word s'tcu-amitcu't means wise, or able. It was not an official title but was applied to men who had shown themselves fit to take part in the council. In some villages these were selected by the Keeper of the Meeting (15, 11), who would test a promising mature man by having him make extempore, one of the usual speeches of admonition and seeing if he remembered all the points (21). "He must have good judgment and a quick understanding of what is said. The old men were always [554] looking out for people like that." In some villages no man was expected to speak unless he were a "ripe man", that is, had been through the purification incident on salt gathering or enemy killing (9). In others enemy killing was the qualification (25). Or

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the wise man might simply attain his position by the exhibition of good judgment. "If he showed sense, they would listen to him" (8). This is the standard exploit in tales of the orphan boy, who makes a good suggestion in meeting before he is considered old enough to speak. The important factors would seem to have been a man's practical sense and knowledge of traditions.

In the summer village the meeting was held in the Big House: in camp it was in a brush enclosure, or even a cleared space on the ground. The Keeper of the Meeting or the man who was acting as such built a fire in the center of the place to be used, called the people or had them called and sat down facing the east. (In a house or enclosure this would mean opposite the door.)

The wise men, as they arrived, took their places around the fire and the listeners behind them. The crier sat at the right of the Keeper. In villages where there was a speaker to put the leader's proposals the speaker sat at the right and the crier at the left. Some informants thought that each wise man had his allotted place which he occupied during life and which was assigned to a new wise man on his death (14). The same informant thought that the shamans, far from being excluded, had special places, at the north, south, east, and west of the circle, as they do at the drinking ceremony. At present certain prominent men are allowed by custom always to have seats near the Keeper, but there is no other formality.

Some informants thought that the Log always sat behind the Keeper ready to be sent on errands. Another said that when the meeting was held in a roofless enclosure, the fire was put outside it so as to deceive the Apache. One man then had the duty of running to the fire to bring an ember for lighting the cigarettes. He sat behind the Keeper and was called the peg, that is, the peg with which a hide is fastened down for drying (25).

The proper demeanor in this and all other assemblies was to sit on the heels with arms folded and head bent. The hair should be tied with a thong, so that there would be no disturbing motion of raising the hand to keep it from blowing. It was highly blameworthy to show signs of drowsiness and the offender would have a lighted cigarette thrust between his toes.

The men arrived in silence and when all were seated, the ceremonial cigarette was passed. This was a six inch tube of cane or cornhusk filled, in the earliest days, with wild tobacco. The Keeper lit this or had it lit by an assistant and puffed ceremonially with an invocation, "Now do I breathe out. It will reach you. You will send a benefit" (14). Or, "May he bless me, give me life and lead me along a good road." The power originally referred to was thought

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some said, look at them. Nevertheless, they brought blessing to the whole household since it was unthinkable that the owner's fate should be separated from that of his family group. 422

To some extent, this blessing was general good luck but the owner of a fetish also earned food by it. The owners of the purification and the curing fetishes were all empowered to cure certain ailments and, for this work, they received their meals. "Thus you will feed yourself" was the regular encouragement given them at the purification ceremony. But the shaman had the rank of a specialist with a highly paid craft. In fact, it was paid out of proportion to all other services so that he stood alone as the one person whose income was great enough to make him independent of the family. This independence, so contrary to the social scheme, must have contributed to the fear in which the shaman was held. 422 [277] 756 465

Songs and ritual were also individual property. The owner of a dreamed song could work magic with it and receive a meal just as he would if he helped harvest a field. But he could not sell it. Such a song, to have magic, must be dreamed by the singer and people resorted to many expedients to convince themselves that they had dreamed a song. But pay was not one of them. Ritual was not dreamed but was handed down in families, the current practitioner choosing his heir from among the eligible males. Reciters of this sort of ritual had the function of priests and were not renumerated. 424 424 428

Much Papago property was destroyed and buried at a death. The house was burned if possible, but the heavy posts being hard to obtain, the thatching was sometimes burned and the posts moved. The clothing, paints and tools of the individual were buried with him, also food and water and as much more equipment as could be spared. A man might have a buckskin and a woman a jar or two. Fetishes and shaman's equipment were not buried but kept by the family. 768 764

Arrangements have been changed in recent years since the Papago have owned more property. The house, now of wattle and daub, is never destroyed but those who keep to the old customs at all, often bury large amounts of property with the corpse, buying new saddles, clothes and canned goods for the purpose. A man's horse, which had something the status of a tool that he used, was often killed at the grave, though not now.

Cattle are considered family property and distributed to the children. They should, logically, be mens' goods, since their care belongs entirely to the men but modern life has brought no corresponding womens' goods and, in the instances known to the writer daughters have received cattle as well as sons. But customs, in this 768 428

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714 302 [823] an enemy and then all black (19, 20). Black paint was considered symbolic of dizziness and drunkenness and therefore of war. One of the chants says:

"My desire was the black madness of war.
I ground it to powder and therewith I painted my face.
My desire was the black dizziness of war.
I tore it to shreds and therewith tied my hair in a war knot."

701 726 When the war parties started out, each had a leader, either permanent or appointed temporarily by the council. The oldest and most experienced of these leaders would take charge of the combined expedition. There would be at least one crier who could make the announcements in camp, or one would be appointed by the leader.

726 756 787 Each village if possible brought a shaman to "see" the enemy and to recite spells to disable him. These shamans were of a particular class, the "owl meeters", who had owls for their guardian spirits. The dead are supposed to fly back from the east, where they live, in the form of owls. Dead Papago warriors, in owl form, haunted the enemy country where they died and with these the shaman communed.

The parties from the partner villages met at night at the rendezvous and went through a series of ceremonies. During these, it was the duty of the shaman to retire and to practise divination which would tell where the enemy might be encountered. If there were several shamans, they all worked together.

"Once the men from several villages met for a war party at Basket Cap mountain. At night they sat and sang the war songs, facing the country of the enemy. All that time the shaman sat apart, on a little knoll. When the singing was over, the leader asked the shaman, "Can you give us news?"

The shaman said, "I think there is one here who will help me." Then he went back to the knoll and the men heard the hoot of an owl. Soon the shaman came back to them. He said, "Has anyone here some of the old tobacco we used to use?"

One man had, so he gave it to the shaman. The shaman went away and the men watching could see that he lit two cigarettes. They could see their red tips moving as you see cigarettes that are held by two people. Then they saw one of them thrown away. The shaman came back, holding the other. He said, "The enemy are at Smooth Ground. We'll come up with them at noon tomorrow."

So they did and they killed many Apaches. If it had not been true, perhaps they would have killed the shaman." (19)

The war leader also sent out scouts and continued to do so as they advanced into the enemy country. They travelled by night and

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hid by day until they encountered a troupe of the enemy or a village. The villages rarely contained anyone but women and children since the men were constantly away raiding. One attack on a village was described as follows:

"The men all separated and each one waited outside one Apache wickiup, till the signal to attack. My father was outside a wickiup where there were several women roasting something and he listened to their strange voices and wondered if they were saying, "The Desert People are here." Finally the signal came: the call of a roadrunner. Our men attacked, whooping. The women ran out of the houses and the men stood at the doors waiting to club them. My father took hold of an old woman but she was strong and wrestled with him. He called to the others, "Help! The old enemy woman is killing me!" So others came and they broke in the old woman's skull. A few other men killed but the rest of the women got away. Our men burned the houses and the booty and went home." (26)

If it was possible to locate a band of male enemies, they tried to "make a house for the Apache", that is, surround the band or trap it in a canyon. Various accounts tell how the shaman divined where the enemy would be and how this strategem was carried out. The archers shot first from ambush, then the men with clubs rushed in for close fighting. There were never very many of these and they were only the bravest men. They always advanced leaping and when leaping backward to retreat they held the shield behind them to break a fall. There was no mass formation and no commands from the war leader except the signal to begin. The affair was a series of duels where each warrior got his man, if possible, and then retired from the combat.

"My father and one Apache were separated from the others shooting arrows at each other. There was a giant cactus between them and each kept dodging behind it, till the cactus was full of arrows. They both knew a little Mexican and the Apache called out in that language, "I am a *man*!" My father shouted, "I, too, am a *man*!" Then they wrestled. My father was down and he shouted for help. His brother came and between them they clubbed the Apache. Then they were both Enemy Slayers."

Even if there was no Apache attack, a punitive expedition generally took place each winter to avenge some former raid. For this there was plenty of time and the villages of one or even two related groups might join. The Papago calendar stick which chronicles the events of the last eighty-five years provides a number of typical examples.

1867-68. Some Apaches came to Worm Pond, while the people were singing for rain. They stole some horses and made off.

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the visitors were "paid for their entertainment" in goods. If they planned either of these elaborations, it would be proposed at the time of the challenge, the challenger saying, "We want to sing for you." This singing rarely took place without the subsequent race, so that "we want to sing for you" actually meant a challenge to a race.

The whole performance was not only a way of exhibiting prowess but definitely a means of getting material goods. The Papagos have been accused of exploiting their agricultural relatives, the Pimas, in this way.[1] They did the same for the Yuma at Somerton,[2] always making their visit at harvest season. Their skill at running and singing was made a weapon with which to fight hunger.

The challenge accepted, both sides trained their runners. Soon after harvest the challenger again visited the council of the challenged, again proffered the cigarette, and went over the proposition: "I have said that we would train our runners. We are now ready. I have come as I promised." He was answered: "It is well. You have come as you promised. We also have trained our runners."

Then the date was set: usually the conventional ten days ahead, the contest to take place on the eleventh. During this time both sides collected all the goods they were to bet and made the journey to the village of the challenged. "We filled the roads going along on our horses. Everybody was leading extra horses to bet and we had baskets and pots and buckskins tied on their backs. "We bet everything. Women would take off their dresses, men their shirts. Sometimes when people went home again, they had not a single pot or basket in the house. They would dig holes in the ground to serve food." (26)

All the stakes were placed in a pile which was guarded all night by shamans from both sides. The shamans "raced for us with their tricks all night". They performed feats of swallowing fire or sticks and of causing articles to come to them out of the air. Meantime in each camp singers, who knew the running or kickball songs, went through the whole cycle to make the opponents weak and blind.

"There was a shaman at Archie, called Something-Laid-There-Loose, who could shoot at a rainbow, cut off a piece and put it on top of a runner's head. Then that runner remained always the same distance ahead of the others, like the rainbow. He had done this for the best Archie runner, who was known everywhere as the champion. Mesquite Root wanted to challenge Archie, but their shaman advised them not to. "I can do nothing," he said, "against the Archie shaman. His knowledge comes from the morning star, but mine only comes from Elder Brother."

[1] Russell, p. 171. [2] Gifford, 1933, p. 262.

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The shaman received no compensation for his services to the runners. "He bet like the others and if they won, he won" (21).

When the race began, no one was allowed within a hundred feet of the starting point because an evil shaman's power "could not fly that far", and thus the runners would be safe. As an extra precaution they were kept behind the crowd and no one knew when he was to run until the last minute. For one famous race they were brought from half a mile away on horseback, each sitting behind a horseman and leaping off just in time to start running (21).

In long distance races many men followed the runners part way and waited for them to return. The race was considered over at sunset, no matter where they were, though one "moonlight race" is recorded.

While the people waited for long distance racers to return, various smaller games might go on. Older people played the gambling games, always men against men and women against women. Young people raced, played kickball and double ball. When the runners returned, the people cheered. Men made a shrill sound and slapped the hand rhythmically over the mouth. Women ululated: "ki-yi-yi!" The whole pile of stakes was then handed over to the winning village or group and each individual retrieved his own stake with the duplicate tied to it.

There follow two accounts of races from the calendar stick:

"The Tecaloti people kept on training runners. In the middle of the summer they notified the former victors, "You've beaten us now we are ready to play again. Tell your partners to start training your boys. We'll train ours."

All started training. Every once in a while the Koloti chief would come to see how the training was coming on. When the date was near, he came and said, "The time is nearly up." The two chiefs were conferring, the boys were training. The next month he came again and the date was set. Two days before the race all gathered at Carrying-Basket Mountain.

The next morning the Koloti arrived. The corrals were full of cattle, which they had brought to bet. The runners did not start until afternoon. There were only two, the eldest son of Garment-Falling-Down and a Koloti. The race started at four o'clock in the afternoon and was from Carrying-Basket Mountain to Aktcin, (a distance of twenty-five miles.) At six o'clock the runners were just at the other end of the track. Before they got to Where-Water-Whirls-Round it was sundown. The son of Garment-Falling-Down was two miles ahead. The horseman, following the best man, picked him up, rode forward, and said to Garment-Falling-Down, "Your son has won. I put him on my horse and brought him home."

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847 If the baby died and the woman wanted another, she buried it near the surface. If she wanted no more, she buried it deep. Women [848] professed to know nothing about means of abortion saying that there was little need for them, since an unmarried mother suffered no stigma. Deformed babies and those born by "light women" who did not want the burden were dropped in an arroyo to die of [843] exposure. It was considered that a woman who had a husband and did not bear children would soon die herself of the unnatural condition.

845 Twins were considered to be born shamans. People regarded both them and their parents with some awe, since whatever they ●756 said would come true. Thus, if they said a certain person would die, he would: if they called him ugly, swollen, lame, he would become so. Therefore everybody made offerings to twins (the word used is the same as that for offerings made at a shrine). Their parents did the same. Anyone who rebuked a twin suffered. One informant slapped the cheek of a twin who annoyed her while gambling and immediately her arm swelled. She went to the twin for relief, bringing a gift. The child wet her fingertips in her mouth and touched the arm which immediately healed.

This power of twins did not persist beyond childhood unless they had dreams and became shamans in the regular way. However, they usually did so and were much more likely to dream than the average person. If one twin died, the other died also.

CHILDHOOD

[862] Babies were nursed until they were two and three years old. 753 One informant said, "My babies died. It was because they came 853 too fast. When there was a new one coming, there was not milk for the old one" (26). The cause of most infant complaints was supposed to be the fact that the fontanelle did not close properly. A shaman or an old women who had dream power inserted a finger in the child's mouth and pushed on the palate. This was thought to push up the [757] whole top of the head and close the fontanelle. Diarrhoea was treated with the vapor of canyon ragweed. The leaves were wet and a hot cloth laid over them, then the infant was set on the cloth in the vapor. Children's fevers were thought to be due to the hot breath of a dog. They and other diseases were treated in the regular way by the shaman.

854 The child was carried on the cradleboard until it was able to walk. Mothers, on their long expeditions to fetch food and water, placed the cradleboard on top of the other contents of the carrying basket and while they worked, stood it against a tree. When the

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end of one line danced the song leader, any man who knew the puberty cycle. He held a rattle in his right hand while his left arm was across the shoulders of the girl. His wife danced opposite.

The lines went with a running motion toward each other and then back wheeling a little so that they finally covered a complete circle. There was no fire: "We got warm dancing." They danced through the night and at midnight were given a meal of succotash by the girl's family. The girl was expected to dance all of every night, though the other dancers came and went. In the course of a month or even of a night, there might be several singers, as one man got tired and another took his place. At the end of the month the girl made presents to all her girl friends who had danced often and "gone without sleep" with her. One informant said that when her dance was over, she had nothing left. She had given her deerskin dress, all her beads, her pots, sleeping mat and baskets (27).

"I got so thin, so thin! We girls are all like that at our puberty time. Running all day with the carrying basket and no rest. Before dawn that woman who taught me would come and say, 'Get up. Get water, get wood. Do you want to be lazy all your life?' So then we would go running, running over the mountains. When we got home, I slept a little. It seemed I had hardly shut my eyes before they were telling me, 'The dancers are here. Go out and dance.' I did not want to dance. I used to, when I was a little girl and watched them. But now I only wanted to sleep. But my father would say, 'Here comes the singer. Better go out or he'll drag you out. He's mean.'"[1]

The puberty ceremony, according to the oldest informants, was a time for promiscuity, (26, 27) which apparently had the connotation of fertility magic. It is one of the practises connected, in the myths, with the first inhabitants of the land and the reason why Elder Brother, the creator, offended these first inhabitants, was that he, an accomplished singer for the ceremony, used his privileges with girls beyond all bounds.[2]

At the end of the dancing period, the girl was given another bath at dawn and then she went to the shaman for cleansing. The rite was similar to the cleansing after childbirth. The shaman drew a circle on the ground, within which the girl sat, at the east with her back to the rising sun. The shaman stood facing east and walked

[1] In this dancing ceremony there is no suggestion of the "baking" which occurs in nearby California. However, touuwa, to reach puberty, and tounwam, girl at puberty, come from the same root as touwa, to bake.

[2] Cf. the Yuman reason for killing the creator: that he had raped his daughter. Kroeber, 1925, p. 790.

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four times up to her and back, each time blowing on the top of her head and brushing her off with his eagle plumes. He then mixed yellow clay in a basket bowl, stirring it with a feather and gave it to her to drink. After this he marked her with the feather dipped in clay, on heart, forehead, right arm, left arm. Some shamans then gave her a new name which was, like the name for a baby, anything he had dreamed. It would seem, since this name came at the end of the purification period that it should have been used, not during that period, but permanently. But informants said that they were usually called by their old birth names. One woman who had been named at puberty cha-wila (untranslatable) had never used the name at all.

The shaman was paid with some small gift like a basket and the girl was free to mingle with people again. At her following menstruation period she must again use the scratching stick, but after that it was not required. She must always go to the menstruation hut for four days and must use the dishes kept there, not touching those of the family. One informant said that, when a woman was married, her husband must also use separate dishes during her period. These were kept outside the house and only brought in when necessary (26).

The same informant, who had not menstruated for a year after her puberty dance, suddenly menstruated again after marriage. It was thought necessary that both she and her young husband should be "danced" and then purified. They danced for a month but since the husband also was concerned, she did not go to the menstruation hut. Both remained in the family house and observed continence.

In the life of a woman after puberty, conscientious segregation once a month ranked as the chief virtue. Chastity was scarcely stressed at all in comparison and even industry took second place. Since knowledge of her state rested entirely with the woman, she had opportunity to conceal it and personal narratives abound in tales of the dire consequences of such an act.

"There was a girl in our village who became dangerous and she did not tell. One day all the village was planting in her father's field and he had given them a meal of succotash. They were eating out in the field; her mother was cooking over a campfire. It began to rain. This girl and her sisters ran home to take in the bedding because we sleep out-of-doors in summer and it was on the ground. There was a crash of thunder. All the eating people stood still and then from the house of that girl they heard a long sigh. They ran there. All the sisters were lying stunned on the floor, one was blind

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MARRIAGE AND SEX BEHAVIOR

Polygynous marriage was approved but not practised by every one. Old men, particularly the shaman and the Keeper of the Meeting, often had four wives but most had two. Very young men had only one.

The sororate was in full force. If a man had married one daughter in a family, it was expected as a matter of course, that he would take all the others as they matured, even while the first wife was living. The junior levirate is a vague tradition. It was "a good thing" if a man's younger brother married his widow but it was not required. Some informants had not even heard of the tradition.

Marriage was arranged by the bride's parents. They saw that their daughter's breasts were large and they said, "They should be used for something." This might be immediately after puberty. It was felt that marriage should synchronize with the awakening of sex interest and some informants even quote twelve as a marriageable age for a girl. (1) The husband, if this were his first marriage, might be sixteen or seventeen. He and his young bride were by no means considered adults but lived with the groom's parents in a state of tutelage until they had several children.

The choosing of a mate for the first daughter in the family was subject to certain rules. There were no clan or moiety restrictions, but the youth should not be a relative, that is, a lineal descendant of any one of the bride's great grandparents. Also he should be from another village. This latter was a social rule but not enforced by supernatural punishments as was exogamy among relatives. If the girl's father had been wounded by an Apache, she should marry the son of a man so wounded, since it produced a form of family taint that must not be spread.

Having decided on a mate, the girl's parents consulted the adult relatives of the father's lineage and of the mother's. All gave their opinion as to whether the youth was industrious and a good runner and if they decided that he was eligible, the girl's parents called on his parents with the proposal: "We have an industrious daughter. We offer her to your son."

The boy's parents, if they objected to the girl, would take care not to be at home for to refuse would be an insult. But if the boy were already affianced, it was proper to say: "He has already been given a girl." Otherwise they replied: "We think as you do." A

595 [756 624] 595 587 582 584 [591] 584 [p. 179]

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128 Therefore she was frequently asked, and as a result the story has elaboration and emphasis at some points where she would not have placed them, and it stops short where she would have found repetition comfortable. It is an Indian story told to satisfy Whites rather than Indians.

115 124 562 There were reasons other than intimacy and opportunity for choosing Chona as the narrator. She is not the aberrant type which so frequently attracts the attention of the White investigator. She accepted her culture completely, and one reason for choosing her was that she had come into contact with so many of its important phases. As a woman, she could take no active part in the ceremonial life. But her father was a governor and a warrior; her brother and one husband were shamans; her second husband was a song leader and composer. And a Papago woman's history is interesting in itself, because, in this culture, there persists strongly the fear of woman's impurity with all its consequent social adjustments.

115 562 Chona accepted her status without stress or rancor. She was, however, not the ideal Papago female type, for she was inclined to be independent and executive. In her old age, when such qualities were not taboo, she ruled her whole connection with a competent hand. In childhood she had a minor maladjustment, soon overcome: she started to make songs. Making songs is the Papago achievement *par excellence*, all outward acts being considered merely as a preparation for it. Chona was no poet by nature: she was, in fact, an executive. But she had some urge to accomplish, as the men accomplished, and the proper avenue was song making. So Chona made songs and saw visions, and had to have her shaman's crystals cut out by a minor operation.

She submitted, and found compensation in her life of child bearing and hard work. But in old age the urge came on her again, and again there was no outlet but visions. These later visions are pathetic in their lack of originality, and the songs which she assured me she had composed herself were often changed, only by a word or two, from songs which had been well known for years. Many Papago compose in this way, since song making is a *sine qua non* for success in life. None consider it plagiarism, for song making is the spiritual crown conferred on one who has already achieved in the physical world.

Chona, in her way, achieved. She learned a manipulation of sick babies which was much respected. Very possibly she had observed its performance by her first husband who was a shaman, but the Papago pattern did not allow her to recognize this: she had to dream it, and she did. She picked up other bits of practical medicine, and she had a dynamic personality which drew patients to her. In the end she did all that her culture would allow her toward satisfying her desires and she was not unhappy.

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In love, she again showed independence. For a shaman to have more than one wife was standard custom but Chona resented her co-wife. She felt "unnaturally" and against all precedent the same emotions that a White woman is expected to feel "naturally" in such a circumstance. The result was a minor rebellion, soon settled. Chona's life, on the whole, presents a fair picture of the crises which come to a Papago woman, heightened by a dynamic personality.

I

We lived at Mesquite Root and my father was chief there. That was a good place, high up among the hills, but flat, with a little wash where you could plant corn. Prickly pear grew there so thick that in summer, when you picked the fruit, it was only four steps from one bush to the next. And cholla cactus grew and there were ironwood trees. Good nuts they have! There were birds flying around, doves and woodpeckers, and a big rabbit sometimes in the early morning, and quails running across the flat land. Right above us was Quijotoa Mountain, the one where the cloud stands up high and white when we sing for rain.

We lived in a grass house and our relatives, all around us on the smooth flat land, had houses that were the same. Round our houses were, with no smoke hole and just a little door where you crawled in on hands and knees. That was good. The smoke could go out anywhere through the thatch and the air could come in. All our family slept on cactus fibre mats against the wall, pushed tight against it so centipedes and scorpions could not crawl in. There was a mat for each two children, but no, nothing over us. When we were cold, we put wood on the fire.

Early in the morning, in the month of Pleasant Cold, when we had all slept in the house to keep warm, we would wake in the dark to hear my father speaking.

"Open your ears, for I am telling you a good thing. Wake up and listen. Open your ears. Let my words enter them." He spoke in a low voice, so quiet in the dark. Always our fathers spoke to us like that, so low that you thought you were dreaming.

"Wake up and listen. You boys, you should go out and run. So you will be swift in time of war. You girls, you should grind the corn. So you will feed the men and they will fight the enemy. You should practise running. So, in time of war, you may save your lives."

For a long time my father talked to us like that, for he began when it was black dark. I went to sleep, and then he pinched my ear. "Wake up! Do not be idle!"

Then we got up. It was the time we call morning-stands-up, when it is

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Four young men danced. To each, one of my father's brothers came up and put a piece of manure into his hand. First it was from a cow and then another cow, and then a horse and another horse. That was what my family gave to men who leaped in the war dance. It made them (my family) poor.

Then the old warriors began to sing for the Slayers, because the Pleiades had come to the top of the sky and it was midnight. They sang very secret songs that had come to them when they themselves were purified. Then they lit a long cane cigarette, such as our people used to use, and went and blew the smoke over the new Slayers. They spoke to them as relatives, taking them back again. "Hail, my younger brother. Hail, my nephew. Thus I do to you. You will be like me. You will be a great Killer. You will always find the enemy. You will be hunger enduring, cold enduring, thirst enduring. Thus you will live well." I could not see all this. They made me stay in the dark with my grandmother. But my father told me afterward, for I am a woman to whom a man can tell solemn words and she will remember them well.

Then they took my father out in the dark before the morning came and bathed him again, and they bathed us, too. Then we were purified and we could have the Apache scalp in our family to work for us like a relative. All the time that my father was being purified a woman had been making a basket, the kind that we use only for scalps and other sacred things. My father's guardian had taken the Apache hair and made it into a little man. He could touch Apache hair because he was a Slayer and it would not make him sick.

That little man had a buckskin shirt with fringe, like an Apache, and a feather in its hair and little moccasins. The guardian brought it to my father in the basket. My father was not afraid of that enemy's hair. He said to it: "My child." Then he gave it to my mother and she took it in her arms and said: "My child." He gave it to my brothers and my sisters and me. We held it and said: "My younger brother." Then it was in our family and it would always help us. My father laid it in the basket and all around it he put eagle feathers which are powerful. He put in tobacco and he said: "This is your house, my child." Then he wrapped that basket in deerskins and hung it in the thatch and we had Power.

III

My younger brother was going to be a medicine man. We knew it from the time he was very little, because sometimes he would fall over as if he was dead. Sitting in the house with us, he would fall over. Or when he was

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out in the desert, running, he would drop and lie for an hour or two. Sometimes it happened two or three times between one full moon and another. 159X 756

When it began happening my father and mother called in a medicine man to find out what was the matter. The medicine man only looked at him and blew smoke over him. Then he said: "Let him alone. He is all right. He is learning." So my father and mother were glad. My grandfather had been a medicine man. He had said when he was dying that none of his children would dream as he had but that his grandchildren would. And they did. Yes, I, too. After that we would hear my brother singing at night when we were all lying on our mats. He never told us where he got his songs. But we knew that, when he was dead like that, he met some animal and the animal taught him. Sometimes when a medicine man was singing in our house, my little brother sang with him.

Many medicine men used to come to our house, for we were often sick. In the hungry time before the rains, it used to happen to us. Once, when I was little, we had the owl sickness. My father, my mother, my brothers, and sisters, and I all had it together. We felt sleepy and dizzy and as if our hearts were shaking. We knew it came from the owl, because it always does, but we sent for the medicine man to make sure. Do you do the same? [753]

He came in the evening and my father had tobacco ready for him. He sat and talked for a little while, gossiping about his family, and my father and mother talked with him while we children lay on our sleeping mats. Then he began to sing. It was dark except for the fire and I could just see the rattle going to and fro in his right hand, the way a dog switches its tail. To and fro for the first two songs, up and down for the second two. You cannot tell what a medicine man sings. He sings his dreams and he sings them in a voice that is not like a man's. It takes him many years to learn that strange voice. But at the fourth song sometimes he sings real words and you know what animal came to visit him and taught him. 159X 755

After the fourth song he smoked a cigarette made in a joint of reed long as my hand, as old cigarettes used to be. He put his hand on our bodies while he smoked to feel the sickness, and he listened and looked out in the dark. I was not frightened when he put his hand on me. My mother had said to me beforehand: "The medicine man will do what he knows and you must not be scared." So I went to sleep.

But my father and mother sang with him all night. He sang one song so often that they learned it. And my little brother sang, too. After every fourth song he smoked a whole cigarette.

Then he took out the crystals which he had to see by. Those are crystals which a man keeps inside his breast. They are little shining things, as long 159X 756 787 826

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as a finger joint but they cast light like a fire. Some medicine men dream where to find them and they go out in the bare mountains and see them lying there, burning in the sun. Then they swallow them and keep them safe in their hearts. But some men never have to find them. Their crystals grow inside them as a worm can grow. Even if you suck it out, still it grows again. Those are the men who have great power.

Our medicine man had crystals which he had picked up, but he told my father that when he swallowed them, they leaped into his mouth out of his hand and went down his throat like water. He never took them out again because he could see even while they were in his body. While he was sitting there in the house he could see things going on outside and inside, too. Even if someone was coming far away, he could see. At dawn he said to my father: "It's this way. The owls are making you sick."

My father gave him a heifer because we always paid the medicine men well, and then we had to sing away the owls. When an animal is making you sick like that, you sing many songs about him to make him feel better. Any kind of songs. Songs that make you laugh and songs that tell where he lives and songs that say mean things about him. The animal does not care. He likes to be sung about.

People had to be sent for who had dreamed of owls, because that is how all songs come, by dreaming. Owl songs are pretty and even women can dream them. Many owl singers came to our house, and all the neighbors crowded in to listen:

Evening is growing red.
Straight above me the color spreads out
In all directions.
I fly out and hoot at it
Four times.

I learned that song. Later on I dreamed of owls, too. When they sang I felt very peaceful; I knew things would be all right. The singers brushed me off with owl feathers and I went to sleep. At midnight my mother gave them a big meal of succotash and at dawn they went away. In two days we were well.

I used to try to sing owl songs after that. It seemed to me that I was always just going to dream about an owl. But I am not sure if I did.

Every winter there was singing in our house. We had the deer sickness, which makes you swell, and Hit-with-the-Heel came to sing the deer songs. Or we had the turtle sickness which makes you sore, or someone stepped over a snake and we had the snake sickness which makes you vomit. I

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images of the beautiful things that make life good for the Desert People, like clouds and corn and squash and deer. The men sang about those things and my father made songs. When I was about eight years old, my father once made an image of a mountain out of cactus ribs covered with white cloth. He had dreamed about that mountain and this is the song he made:

159 X 796

[633]

There is a white shell mountain in the ocean
Rising half out of the water.
Green scum floats on the water
And the mountain turns around.

The song is very short because we understand so much. We can understand how tall and white the mountain was, and that white shell is something precious, such as the handsome men of old used to have for their necklaces, and it would shine all across the earth as they walked. We understand that as that mountain turns, it draws the clouds and the birds until they all float around it. All those things my father told me when he used to sing that song in our house. I did not understand, though, when I was a little girl and went to the harvest festival. I was afraid of the singers with their masks. There were clowns with masks, too, white masks with little holes for eyes. The clowns bless people, and one put his hand out to bless me, but I ducked under it and ran.

[293]

Only afterward I used to dream of the white clown. Perhaps it was because some day I was going to marry one. It may be, for I have magic dreams. I am one who understands things.

[787]

When we came home that year there was sickness at Mesquite Root. It was a bad sickness that came to everybody in the whole village, sent by an evil medicine man. We all had it: my father, my mother, all my brothers and sisters. The singers gathered in the big house and sang. You understand now that our way to cure everything and to take care of everything, is to sing.

159 X 755

Then the medicine men took branches of a kind of cholla cactus. Oh, very thorny that cactus is, covered with white thorns, and people say they jump out at you and catch you, so hard they stick. Everything in the world sticks to that cactus, so we say the sickness will stick to it, too. The medicine men went with their branches into every house, gathering up the sickness on those thorns. I remember, because I was not so sick as the others, how little boys came after them, making fun of them and waving greasewood branches. But we do not mind those things. We know the children do not understand. They took the sickness away and buried it at the north of the village.

[255]

My little brother sang a great deal in the house after those things hap-

159 X 756

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pened. Of course he could not tell us what he was dreaming because that would spoil his power. But I will tell you what he did, long after that, when all knew he could cure. Some men were at our house and they were laughing at him. They said: "You cannot be a medicine man. What can you do?"

My brother stooped down and drew a ring on the ground. Then he picked up some smooth little pebbles that were lying there on the desert. He spit on the stones, pff! and threw one up into the air. It fell in the circle and it looked as though a baby quail was hatching out of an egg. We saw its eyes and its bill; it was wobbling and trying to run. He spit on the other stone, pff! and threw it up. It fell in the circle and there was another quail. The two went fluttering around the circle. Then he took them up one by one, spit on them, and they were stones again.

I could not go into the desert like my brother. I had no time; I had to work. But in those days I used to see things around me that no one else saw. Once a song came to me. I cannot tell you when it came but I think it was when I was very little. You see, I come of a singing family. It is natural for us to see strange things and to make songs. This came when I had been sick once. I was lying still in the house with everybody gone, and I dreamed that Coyote came to me as he must have come to my brother so many times. I saw him lying asleep on the desert, though I was in the house. Then I saw him get up, shake himself a little and look at me. Then he sang:

[523]

Very sleepy
Yonder he slept
Then getting up
He sang to me
Ai-i-i!
I sway to and fro
To and fro.

I used to sing that around the house, but not the words. I just made noises. I knew one must not tell if he had seen Coyote. But I saw other things, too. I would see a spider on the central post of the house, who stopped and looked at me, just ready to speak. And in the desert, when I saw a little gray horned toad just in front of my foot, it looked at me as though it understood something.

I was always running about in those days, looking at these things, acting strange. My mother saw it and she did not think it was right. She told me to keep to my work, for I was nearly old enough to grind the corn. Then once we went to the Cleared Land to visit a brother of my grand-

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cil house fermented. Sometimes now it does not ferment in the right time, but then it always did. Then the Blackface came in the morning to call us to the Sit-and-drink. We sat in a circle outside the council house, and four medicine men sat in that circle at north, south, east, and west. My father-in-law was always one, and I sat beside him to help sing. Oh, I had a loud voice then. 159x 273 789

They passed the liquor to the medicine men, and those men cleaned it, rubbing their hands around the basket. Then we drank, all of us, one after the other, from a cup gourd that the cup bearer dipped in the basket. Ours is good liquor. It does not make you fight and think unhappy thoughts. It only makes you sing. We sang, nodding our heads slowly back and forth, for that is the right way at the Sit-and-drink.

When the liquor was all gone we went to the houses. Each woman had brewed liquor for herself. She mixed it well and buried it in the earth to keep warm, saying to it: "Now I put you in the earth. Do you ferment and let us get beautifully drunk."

So we went to our relatives' houses, my husband and I together. He held my hand to keep me safe, and I had the baby on my back and one little child by the hand. The big ones we left home on the housetop as my mother had done. When we came to a house, the people held out the gourd to us. We drank it all and then we covered it with a song: that is what we call it. I had songs that I had learned from my father. After I had sung, they called me by the term of kinship, as we do, and said: "A fine song." I always had plenty to drink because I could sing.

When we wanted to rest from drinking, we went to our own house because no family may drink its own liquor. If we did that, our houses would burn; it would be taking back what you have given. So we held out the gourd to the others and listened to their songs. Then we vomited and were rested and went out again.

VIII

My husband was a Coyote-Meeter. That is, when he had his medicine man's dreams, it was our comrade, Coyote, who came to him and sang him songs. It began when he went with the other men to the ocean to get salt, for that is where all our young men go when they want to meet some spirit. They gather the salt, and then they run along that great sandy place where the water is and where there are white birds flying over head. It was those white birds that had sung to my father, but with my husband it was different. 159x 787 756

Running along alone, he saw a dead coyote on the sand. He stopped.

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That coyote rose up and said: "Do you want to see something?" "Yes." My husband died right there and the coyote carried him away.

The other men wanted to go home and they said: "Where is he?" But the leader knew about these things. "He must have Met something. Let him alone."

Next morning my husband awoke and found himself lying by that dead coyote. He went back to the others but he never told them what he had seen.

Only after that he used to go out at night and Meet the coyotes. He would leave early in the evening and come back looking sick or drunk. The coyotes had killed him and taught him while he was dead. He did not tell us this in the house, but we all understood. The same thing was happening to his two brothers and had happened to his father before him. It was coyote who Met them all.

After a while the people began to know that he had something. They would ask him to come and find their sicknesses for them, because people have great faith in a young medicine man. They think he has more power than an old one; he has not used it up. My husband had got himself a gourd rattle and some eagle feathers. We get our gourds down in Mexico where they grow them large and beautiful. He glued a handle on one with some mesquite gum and put some pebbles inside; nice little pebbles that you find in the wash among the ants. He got eagle feathers from an old man and tied them on a handle, four of them, tied two and two, beautifully wound about with string. He went to the houses and sat all night, rattling the gourd and singing, and they gave him clothes and food. We got rich.

Six children I had by my husband, for he was a strong man. I never had any trouble in childbirth. And I could tell what sex they would be before they were born. If the movement in my womb were strong, it would be a boy. I had five boys. I was unlucky with them, though. As soon as a new one came, the one before it died. I know a great deal about children, now that I am old, and I think it was the milk. We nurse our children till long after they can walk and talk. We must. We have no cow's milk. What would they eat? But my husband was such a strong man. The children came so fast. I was always nursing one while another was coming, and then the nursing one died.

Perhaps, though, it was only diseases that came by bad luck. That is what my husband said. He treated our children; they were among the first he sang for. One had jackrabbit sickness, which is a sort of coughing and choking that comes to a child so it cannot breathe. Another had dog sickness. I suppose a dog must have breathed on me with its hot breath before the

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X 159 and if he would sing any songs like those I had heard from my father. Then, once, Coyote came to me, too.

I was at Mesquite Root, gathering giant cactus with my family. I always went there in the Cactus month because Mesquite Root was in the hills, near the cactus groves, and Where the Water Whirls Around was down in the hot plain. Once I had picked my basket full of cactus fruit and I was resting. I looked down by my ba[illegible] and there lay a crystal.

I have told you how medicine men find these crystals by magic, after a dream. Those shining stones have power and they can make rain. No one finds them by chance. So when I saw that, I was afraid. It was a big crystal, thick as my finger and as long as two joints of it. I took it home, but I had no use for a crystal then; my heart was cool. I gave it to my brother who was now a medicine man, and he whirled it around and tried to make rain. But he could not: the stone was not for him.

So I took it home. But I could not keep it, I, a woman, who was not meeting any spirit. I was afraid of it, and I gave it to my young brother-in-law. He is an old medicine man now, at Where the Water Whirls Around, and he has it yet.

But that night Coyote came to me. He did not speak. He looked at me a minute and then he turned away. As he went, he sang:

[533]

A frog medicine man
With spotted back
Lies somewhere on the ground
Looking for rain.
Where, where is the rain?

X 159 Sick people came often to my husband and his brothers because they
● 766 were all medicine men, and their father, too. We women, if we had wanted to, could have learned many lovely magic songs and could have looked in their medicine bags and seen the crystals and the feathers and other powerful things. Of course we did not, for those things can make you sick. We knew where the gourds were kept in the thatch of the roof and the long eagle feathers with them, but we never even looked that way. We thought
[241] we might begin to menstruate and take away their power.

X 159 But sometimes when babies were brought to my husband I could not
826 help looking on, because I had had babies myself, and they had died. There is one thing that happens to babies that is very dangerous. They have a soft spot on the top of their heads. It is there when they are born and then it closes up. But sometimes it does not close. One who is wise will put a finger in the baby's mouth, far back and will push up. That pushes up the

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whole head and closes that soft spot which really comes because the head has fallen in. 159X 826

My husband knew this and I have heard him tell mothers about it. But the mothers could not do the pushing. It must be a person with power.

I do not think it was crystals, for I was too old to have them grow within me any longer. Yet once, when I was at cactus camp, I was sick. 159X 787 We did not have a medicine man; my husband and his brothers were far away. I lay there, and my head spun round, and I was hot and cold. Then, out of the desert, a furry, gray coyote came trotting to me. He blew on me as the medicine man blows and I felt cool. I began to sing: [533]

Coyote, my comrade
Hither ran.
To the end of his tail
A cloud was tied.

I felt that cool beautiful cloud, and I saw how funny Coyote looked, waving it over me and running away. I got well.

Then one day, when my daughter was twelve years old, my husband took another wife.

IX

One day I went with my little girl to buy meat at a neighbor's house 159X where they had just butchered. I came back and, under our arbor, there 596 sat a girl. The relative that lived next door to us called over and said: "My elder sister, your husband's married."

Most men did not take two wives with us then, but the medicine men [756] always did. In fact, they took four. But I had never thought my husband would do it. You see, we married so young, even before I had really become a maiden. It was as if we had been children in the same house. I had grown fond of him. We starved so much together.

The other woman spoke to me. "I see you're his wife. You had better take care of him. It's not my fault." I knew that. I knew they brought her over to our house just the way my mother brought me. Perhaps she did not know he had a wife till I came back from buying meat. I said: "I know it isn't your fault. But I am going home."

I piled my clothes in a basket, and I put in a large butcher knife. I thought if he followed, I would kill him. Then I took my little girl and went away. It was late evening. I went to the house of a relative and asked to stay the night, and early before morning stands up, I got up to walk to Mesquite Root, across the valley. Before I started, my husband came. He

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X 159 sent for that second wife and she came, but he did not want her. He used to scratch her arms as she sat beside him. Then he would stretch out his arms and call for me. In the month of giant cactus ripening, he died.

His brother came to tell me. I cried. I used to go behind a hill, away from the house, and cry half the day. He almost took me with him. Does this happen to the Whites? I kept thinking at night that the door would open and he would take me by the hand. I would cry out. My new husband said: "What is wrong? You always cry." I told him. "He comes and pulls me up." Next day, my husband said nothing. He got on a horse and rode far off there to the grave. He said: "Leave her alone. It's your own fault. If you come for her again, I'll dig you up and burn your bones." After that, the dead was quiet.

X

I came to that old man at watermelon time. When the acorns were ripe I was pregnant, and next year, when they were baking cactus buds, I had a son. I had no trouble with my children by this man. Both sons they were and both grew up. Perhaps, it was because they did not come so fast. The man was old. There were three years between them.

Standing Rock was a nice place under the hill slope, with a big rock standing out like an eagle's beak just above us. There was a pond there for my husband's horses to drink; the yucca that we use for our baskets grew up on the hill; and there was good clay for pots. In the winter, when the horse pond dried up, we did not go to Mexico as my first husband's [464] family did. We went to Tucson and worked for the white people.

In Tucson, we had a shack with mattresses in it. We could go to stores and buy chili and salt to eat with our food. And white flour that we did not have to grind. But I have never liked white flour. I feel sick and weak when I eat it. Now that I am old, I cry to my grandchildren: "Get me corn meal flour. Or flour from the cactus seeds. Then I shall eat again."

X 159 787 I had strange dreams in Tucson. Once when we were there, my husband killed a jackrabbit and brought it to me to cook. I said: "Go get some chili for me to cook it with." So he went away and then I heard someone walking round the house. I began to feel dizzy and sick in the heart. I picked up the scissors to defend myself. But the steps went away. I stuck the scissors in the thatch. Then I cooked the rabbit and we had supper.

But at night, in my dreams, the rabbit came to me. It was a little girl. It showed me its ripped skin and said: "Why did you do this to me? Don't you know it is I that make you sick?" I felt crazy.

X 159 787 The next day my husband found a medicine man come in from the desert to sell acorns. That medicine man sang and fanned me. "It is dan-

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gerous," he said. "That rabbit had eaten a magic root. It was driving her mad, because she is one who has dreams. It is easy to make her wild. If I had not come to stop it, she might have killed one of you." It is true, I was looking at our pot stones, thinking of taking one up and throwing it. 159x 766

But we only stayed in Tucson in the winter. In summer, we came back to Standing Rock and made cider and planted corn like other people. But I did not get used to Standing Rock as I had to Where the Water Whirls Around. I used to like to go back to Mesquite Root to visit. 159x

Once when I was there, a sickness came. We called it the falling hair sickness, and no one could cure it because it came from the Whites. It spread all over the country, as far as the River People. The medicine men went round with the thorny branch and tried to carry it out, but they could not catch it. In Mesquite Root, we buried a child every morning and another every night. I was glad I had no children but my daughter, and she was grown up then. But I got sick myself.

Very sick I was, half dead. Then, as I lay on the floor in my father's house, it seemed to me that two women came. One was a dead relative of mine and one was the Virgin Mary whom I had seen in the Catholic church in Tucson. They said to me: "You're sick, but get up. We want to show you something." They took me by either arm to a house like a church. They showed me a holy picture and a rope reaching to it. "Pull yourself up!" I started to do it. "Don't look down." But I looked down and I fell back into bed. They said: "If you had gone up, you would have been cured and would have known something. But we will take you elsewhere." 159x 787

They took me to a square hole, wide as my arm to the elbow, and with just a little water in it. At each corner was a candle, but they were not candles, they were the blue stones which we think have magic power. That hole with the water in it, was all blue inside. Out of it peeped a baby's head, and I saw that the soft spot on the top of the head was moving.

That is the soft spot that makes babies sick. It is very soft when they are born and it ought to grow hard. But sometimes it does not and then the baby will not nurse. I had seen babies like that brought to my first husband, so now I looked, but I did not dare touch that baby I saw.

The women said: "Take your crystal, suck it and spit on the baby." I did it and the soft place stopped moving. Then it grew hard and it was healed. We moved around the water. At each corner we stopped, I saw the baby, and I spit on it again. So I learned how to cure.

When I got well, I began to cure babies. But no! I did not spit on them. That was a dream to give me power. I did what I had seen my husband do; pushed up inside their mouths to push up the soft spot. That is a good way; 159x 755

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"Cleanse me!" So he comes and blows over them and then they are well. People used to come to my husband even when we were home again at Standing Rock. Any one who had done wrong at the harvest feast would come to him; those who had danced or sung wrong or, maybe, fallen down when they were carrying some sacred thing. That can make you very sick, perhaps, so that you cannot walk any more.

My husband would put on his white mask, with the big bunch of turkey feathers on top. He kept that mask in a jar, far out in the hills behind our house. You must not keep such things near you. They are too strong. Perhaps you would die from their power. But he would go out all alone and get it, and come back from the north, wearing it. Then he would blow on the people. If they were very sick indeed, he had to have singers to sing the harvest songs and make the harvest feast again for that sick man. That is the way to get well.

When my oldest boy was twelve years old, my brother died, back at Mesquite Root. That was the brother who was a medicine man. He had been well known for a long time. He used to give the white clay to drink to maidens and to babies. Often I have seen him mix it up with owl feathers though no one is supposed to know that is how he does. But there are many medicine men in my family. I know.

My brother had two children and a wife, but all of them died. He could not stop it; I think it was the power of some evil medicine man. Then he himself got sick. A medicine man tried to suck out the sickness but it was too late; he was already spoiled inside. There was no one at Mesquite Root to take care of him now; my mother was very old. So I went back to stay. He lived two months and he taught me many cures. "Now you must stand in my place," he said. And he told all the people: "I am going to die but she will take care of you."

He told me how to cure sick people by rubbing up and down their legs. I can feel if there is a lump inside them and I work it out smooth. Sometimes I give them castor oil. Do you think I did not learn that from my brother? I do not know. I am old and have had many visions. He told me how to put a feather in my mouth, and after that, to spit blood. I can do that, but when I have the blood, I do not throw it away; I swallow it. This is a very mysterious thing. I tell few people that I have such power.

I got the feather in a magic way. I was sitting in the evening in our doorway, waiting for my son to come home from tending the horses. A little bird came and sat above the door and began calling. I did not understand. But at night, when I was asleep, the bird came again, and then, in my dreams, I could understand. He said: "You think I am only a little

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bird, but it is I who make the night go and the morning come with my singing." He sang a little tune:

I am the kukuli bird
You do not know
You do not know.

Next day I found the feather he had dropped when he sat above the door and that is the feather I use.

Coyote came to me after that. I belong to the Coyote division of our people and he comes to us; never to the Buzzards. He came when I was asleep at night and said: "Look. A time will come when this world will end. People are dying now." I knew that. It seemed to me I heard all the time that some one was dead. We never used to hear that. Only once in a while, a long while, word would come that some old person was gone. But now we hear it all the time.

Coyote said: "If you want to, you can cure them. If not, they will die." I said: "I'll see."

Then he showed me how to take the blood that I could draw from a feather and rub it on a sick man's body, where his own blood did not run. That is what makes people sick. Their blood does not run. But Coyote told me: "Don't fool them. If you find you can't cure, sit back. Do nothing." Then he sang this song about himself; how he tried to cure and could not:

Coyote, my comrade
Spit on his fingertips
One by one.

He put his hands on the sick man
And felt around
"Haya, sickness!
I can't find you!"

I tried
I could not see.
I sat back.

So always I sit back if I cannot cure. But I could have cured if I had not given away my crystals. Yes, I could have done much.

XI

My sons grew up. The first one we called Vincenzo but he bought the name Two Bits from another man because he liked it. We say that name in our language, of course. It sounds good.

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

We married Two Bits when he was seventeen. Some people came to us and said: "We have a daughter. She was married to a man, but that man went away to the White school, and when he came back he did not take her." "She is older than your son," they said, "but she is industrious. She may be some help to him." We said: "It is true she is older, but we have seen her work. She may be a help."

So we told our son and he said nothing. Her mother brought us that girl, and ever since she has stayed with us and behaved herself like a woman. Some wives are like this; when their husbands are away, they run out to visit. She never does. She is always home working. Many children she and my son had, so that I have grandchildren and great-grandchildren. They live still in that flat place at Standing Rock, and when I go there, they have cactus seed for me to eat.

I went there last year before the husband of my granddaughter died. That man was sick and I could do nothing for him. I sat in their house making baskets, and a little blackbird came and drank out of the water I use to wet the fibres. I told one of my grandchildren to chase the bird away, and it went into the corner of the room. That night the bird came to me. It said: "Why did you chase me from your water? Don't you know I will need it?" I knew that man would die. So that day he did. The next night he came again, with black feathers and a cow tail. "See," he said, "how pitiful I look." I knew the devil took him.

My second son was a medicine man. Ah, that one would have been great! When he was small, he acted strange; his heart was feeling something coming. He would run out in the night, and his father would run after him and find him lying face down in the greasewood. Maybe something had come after him and taken him away.

Once, when a rattlesnake bit me, he cured me. I was picking beans among the weeds in our garden and, along with a handful of beans, I grabbed the snake. I had hold of him near the head but he turned his head back and bit my wrist. My son killed the snake. Then he chewed some greasewood leaves and put them on the little hole where it had bit me. He made a mark with a buzzard's feather all around my wrist and told the poison not to go beyond that mark. Then he split the feather and tied the two pieces into a string. He bound that string around my wrist, tight, and the poison never went beyond it. Two nights it hurt me and my hand swelled, but not beyond where my son had made the mark.

He used to bring birds home to the house and keep them; he could speak with birds. Once he kept a hawk in our house and killed jackrabbits for it. Once I saw him coming home in the evening after he had been after the

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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horses, and there was something shining on his shoulder. It was the eyes of an owl. "What will you do with it?" I said. So he let it fly away. But I think he spoke with it after that, behind the mountain. 159x 756

He had crystals growing in him, and I know he had dreams but he had not told them yet. People only tell their dreams when they begin to cure. 159x 756 585

When he was seventeen he went to the drinking ceremony, and he met one of those wild women who run about without husbands and sleep in the arroyos. He put her on his horse and brought her home to Standing Rock. That was a bad thing. I did not like that, but we said nothing. Then she wanted money to buy things. She did not want him to stay and plant our corn with Two Bits. They went to the white man's town of Many Cottonwoods and had two children there. But that woman killed him. [836]

She was a woman who would not wait and do things at the right time. She lay with my son in the house when she should have been at the Little House. That kills the power of a medicine man. It rots his crystals and after a while it kills him, too. So he came back to stay with my daughter and left that woman. She would not come back with him, out of the town.

I went there to my poor son and took him to a medicine man, but that one said: "His crystals are all dead and dried. They build combs like bees and those combs are empty and blue. His power is dead." So he died. "My mother," he said to me, "I will come to you like an owl. You will know me." And it is true. The other day I was passing by a giant cactus, and there sat an owl in the fork and called to me. It does not happen often. I would like to hear my son call again. [775]

That wild woman who was his wife took another husband the next year at the drinking ceremony. The man's name was Jackrabbit Chief and he was an old man, but it was dark and she did not know it. She got on his horse with him and she said: "Where do you live?" "At the place of the Dead Dog," he said. The sun was coming up just then and she saw his face. "Oh, that's too far." She jumped off the horse and we have never seen her again. 159x 585

My daughter never lived with us very much. She lived with my mother and my brother, so when it came for her to marry, it was my brother who offered her. There was a man named Crooked Lightning whose sister was married to my brother. Crooked Lightning was as old as my brother. He was a singer and a good man. He had a wife who scolded him but he did not scold her. Only one day he went away from her and came to my brother, and said he needed another wife. So my brother gave him my daughter, Crescenza. She is a big fat woman now, a good woman. 159x 584 586

It has been a long time since my children were married. My old husband 159x 593 888

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
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young man, one of the district councilmen, is regarded as chief by the Agency but not by his own people.) Though no regular council meetings are held in these villages, the men meet informally to discuss problems when they arise. It is probably significant that all the three "strong men" of Hickiwan District are medicine men, but how much of their strength is due to fear of their supernatural power is a matter for speculation.

Papago who have disputes to be settled have considerable leeway in bringing their complaints before authority. If a man wishes, he can take his case direct to the tribal court (see chap. vii) rather than to the village chief; or the district councilman, who in some cases is a man of great influence, may be called on for a decision. In one case known to the writer the defendant was not satisfied with the tribal court's decision and so brought the matter to the village chief, then through the district councilman back to the tribal court. There were apparently no negative sanctions in the village against this procedure; a man is free to take his legal problems where he pleases.

However, in all the western villages disagreements are settled locally, and there is no recourse to the tribal council or court. Local quarrels may be noised about the district but not far beyond, as controversies are concealed or glossed over before outsiders. Owing to recent unhappy experiences (see chap. vii), the Reservation police thereafter refused to go to Hickiwan District. The people are well content with this situation, for they are determined to keep the management of their affairs in their own hands.

Throughout the Reservation, matters which require local co-operation and leadership are handled without friction. Leaders, elected or otherwise, are respected by the people because of their position. Their decisions and those of the council are accepted when the people feel that such decisions are based on a thorough knowledge of the recognized way of doing things and are made after discussion and expression of "what all the people think." Papago know that they are free to express disagreement, but usually would rather accept a decision with which they are not entirely in accord than to stand out from the crowd and make "people talk."

INTERVILLAGE RELATIONSHIPS

Some present-day Papago villages are in the same locations as they were in Kino's time, and others are offshoots of these old villages, probably dating from the cessation of pressure from the Apache. Ties between the parent-village and those formed from it remain close. People visit back and forth, they co-operate in roundups, and they are sure to attend one another's fiestas, but the degree of interaction is determined by blood ties and proximity.

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
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If, despite all precautions, a Papago becomes sick, he goes to a medicine man to find out what transgression is responsible. Through the use of rock crystals or other ritual apparatus, the medicine man will determine what supernatural force has sent the illness, and he will prescribe the cure. If an animal has been offended, the medicine man will suggest that a singer be summoned, for there is a song or set of songs for placating each of the most dangerous animals.[2] For sickness resulting from sexual thoughts a special set of songs is used in connection with clay figurines having prominent sexual features.[3] Thus the medicine man is primarily a diagnostician, and the singers work the cures; but sometimes the medicine man himself knows the proper songs. Both are always paid for their services. A medicine man may get five or ten dollars for a night's ceremony; singers usually receive only their food.

The medicine man can do more than find out the reason for sickness. He can predict human behavior and recommend the proper measures to insure the right behavior of humans and of the nonhuman world. He can foretell the weather; if rain does not come, he determines the cause. In general, he tries to keep evil away from his village and to oversee the welfare of all its people. This is no small responsibility. Nearly every village has a medicine man, and he is a person of prestige and authority.

The medicine man's ability is believed to be supernatural power, which is latent in the individual until it is revealed to him in a dream. A dead man may appear to him to explain curing methods, or he may dream a new song. For some time thereafter (perhaps for years) the dreamer may not be entirely sure of his power, and he undergoes certain trials and consults recognized medicine men. The power shows itself in a man's ability to diagnose sickness, to "see through" a sick person's body and find in it the sore place, to determine the cause of the trouble and the proper songs to cure it. When a man becomes certain of his power, he dare not disregard it, or it will turn upon him as a dreadful sickness. He must accept the responsibility and begin to live up to it.

In the old days the medicine man's power was thought to come from I'itoi, the creator and elder brother of the Papago. Today the younger Papago trained in the mission schools may have their doubts about the source of this power, but faith in the medicine man is still firm. Almost all people except those of Sells and a few of the strictest Presbyterian converts seek the medicine man's advice and call in a white doctor only when the shaman's power does not seem to be effective or when it needs supplementation. Occasionally a medicine

2. For examples of these songs and transcriptions of the music see Jane Chesky, "The Nature and Function of Papago Music" (MS).

3. This rite is seldom used today, for the medicine man now rarely diagnoses a case as "love sickness." (This translation is inaccurate, the Papago say, but they cannot phrase it more exactly in English.)

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
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man will diagnose an illness as a "white sickness" for which a doctor should be consulted, but the only reason for which a white doctor is almost invariably called is a fracture.

The psychotherapeutic value of the medicine man's rites should not be underrated. When the doctor is thought to have supernatural power and has proved it by curing many patients, a sick man will have confidence that he too will be cured. In any sickness this is half the battle. Government doctors on Indian reservations are coming to see this point and to make use of the medicine man rather than to decry him.[4]

The preceding discussion has dealt with the "good" medicine man. In opposition to his power is that of the "bad" medicine man. A Christianized Papago tends to feel that the power of the former comes from God and that of the latter from the devil. The man who is thus possessed must carry out the evil designs or die. He can produce illness or death in individuals by "shooting" them with poisonous substances; he can bring an epidemic on a whole village; he can interfere with natural phenomena or with sacred objects and thus bring drought or other disasters.[5] The only recourse against this evil power is to seek a "good" medicine man, who can take out the foreign substance with which the victim has been "shot" or prescribe the proper method of combating other evils. He can also identify the "bad doctor" and by magical means cause his disappearance or death.

Very few Papago do not believe in the witchcraft of the "bad" medicine man. Even a good Presbyterian who feels a sudden pain in his shoulder will suspect that he has been "shot" and hurry to the "good" medicine man for treatment. If he does not go soon, he thinks he will surely die.

Thus the Desert People depend upon their "good" medicine men not only to cure sickness but also (and here the white doctor is no help) to counteract the many misfortunes which come from the hostile world of the supernatural or from persons possessed of evil. Despite the loss of the group ceremonies and the coming of Christianity, medicine men still receive their power and practice their cures, and the Desert People go on believing in and performing many of the rites they have followed for centuries.

4. See chap. vii. For suggestive discussion of the values of the Indian therapy see Dorothea C. and Alexander H. Leighton, *The Navaho Door*, pp. 35 ff., and Dorothea C. Leighton and Clyde Kluckhohn, *The Navajo*, pp. 163–72.

5. According to Papago belief, only medicine men can be witches. Certain other tribes hold that anyone can.

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
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794 celebrate Mass for the remaining Roman Catholic families, but no permanent
797 mission or school has ever been set up.

To the casual observer the Roman Catholic Papago appear not very different from their Sonora Catholic neighbors. Obvious differences are that the Roman Catholics go to Mass, are sometimes married in the church, and know some Latin prayers and songs. They try to have their children baptized and often send them to the mission schools.

Roman Catholic fiestas are like the Sonoran, except that the priest approves the day and puts in an appearance. The priests have discouraged the annual pilgrimage to Magdalena, but some Roman Catholic families still go. They also observe the year of mourning and set out their tables for the dead on All Souls' Day. They too seek supernatural aid in bringing rain, and Masses are sometimes said for this purpose.

Personal relations between members of the two groups are undisturbed by differences in belief. Roman Catholic parents may wish to have Sonora Catholic friends as godparents for their children.[12] Since the Roman church requires that the sponsors themselves be persons who have been baptized, the ceremony cannot be performed by a priest, but many parents are untroubled by this situation and quite content to have the godparents apply the holy water. Others have a Roman Catholic couple as sponsors and ask Sonora Catholic friends to officiate at a second ceremony. This easy adaptation of a foreign institution
[177] to suit their own circumstances is characteristic of the Papago.

Like the Sonorans, the Roman Catholics combine the old religion with the new. As has been previously pointed out, the priests have been less concerned with wiping out the old religion than have the Protestant missionaries, but they try to wean their people away from these "superstitions." One priest compares them with the belief in banshees and leprechauns, which, however, are real beings to many devout Catholics of Ireland. The mission schools taught by the Sisters of St. Francis have been important in spreading Roman Catholic doctrine and in combating the old beliefs by raising doubts in the students' minds.[13] Some "good Catholics" go to the wine ceremonies. Most consult the medicine men, and a few are themselves medicine men or singers.

794 However, the priests are not so tolerant of other magical practices. Recently
797 a non-Papago faith healer came to Topawa, claiming to perform miracles of
756 healing. Hundreds of the Papago flocked to camp near her headquarters and waited several days for an audience. Papago informants, attributing to the

12. The reader will recall from chapter iv that the godparents are a part of the extended family and have social as well as religious functions.

13. Other aspects of these schools are discussed in the following chapter.

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
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healer their own philosophy, said that a few sick people were cured and that "they might stay cured if they kept doing what she told them: being kind to animals, never getting angry, being good to people." White informants said that the healer tied pictures or printed prayers to the afflicted parts and claimed that her prayers would make them well. Both whites and Indians pointed out that the healer and the trader near whose store she held forth made a good deal of money. The priests in great indignation closed the doors of the church on the Sunday the healer was in town and threatened to excommunicate those who consulted her. No one but God, they are reported to have said, could perform miracles in Topawa.

The attitude of the Papago toward the Catholic clergy varies. In the western districts many of the Sonorans—and particularly the "Montezumas"—look upon them as people who are trying to upset Papago tradition, possibly as just another group of "Milikans" attempting to force an alien culture upon the Desert People. In the vicinity of the Franciscan missions, the priests have often been a considerable help to the people in practical ways. Some of them are friendly persons who have learned the Papago language and want to know their parishioners well. But many Papago still look upon them with a certain mistrust, and others feel that the clergy are too far removed from them in social and religious standing for intimacy and complete confidence. The people are also quick to point out any seeming neglect of priestly duties. However, there is little bitter antipathy to the priests; by all exept the intransigents of the West, they are considered part of the present scene. From them, as from other representatives of white culture, one takes orders when necessary and help when it is offered. But one's family and native social setting are at most times far more important.

PRESBYTERIANISM

The approach of the Presbyterian missionaries has been very different from that of the Franciscans. The Presbyterians have more systematically used Indians and the Indian tongue in spreading their gospel. In their four churches —at Sells, San Miguel,[14] Vamori, and Topawa, all in the southeastern part of the Reservation—Indians serve as ministers, and an Indian missionary is stationed in Gu Achi. Four of these Indians are Pima, and the other is Papago, but all conduct services in the Papago language. The congregations are governed by elected "elders," who are Papago. The Presbyterians have also capitalized upon the Papago love of music and lay emphasis on congregational

14. The church at San Miguel is also attended by the Presbyterians of the neighboring village, Chuulic.

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
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883 494 As previously mentioned, boys are free to go to other villages when their help is not needed at home. Girls' trips to school on the bus are exceptions to the rule of constant female chaperonage. Sometimes school children get off the bus in another village to visit overnight in the home of relatives; mothers occasionally complain that their daughters stop in other villages rather than come home to help with the work. However, there is no worry concerning their safety, for the bus-driver brings word of their whereabouts, and they are assured a welcome in the home of any relative. Adolescents not in school use the bus to reach relatives in time of sickness, to help with the harvest, or just to visit.

883 756 A young Papago rarely loses his faith in the medicine man, though it may be dormant during any time he spends in boarding school. However, the adolescents begin to realize that there are some sicknesses with which the white doctor can cope more adequately than the medicine man. But the youth makes an ill-defined distinction between white men's diseases and Indian diseases, and he sometimes asks why animals do not seem to make white people sick. So he is often confused as to what to do when illness strikes and perhaps tries several courses to be on the safe side: he may take medicine prescribed by the white nurse in the morning, ask for a half-native rosary service in the afternoon, and have the medicine men in to sing and communicate with the spirits at night.

883 430 563 571 On the Reservation the Papago youth has little more contact with whites than he did as a youngster. Tourists have never swarmed to Papago villages as they do to the pueblos, for the Desert People are not romantic in appearance, and their principal extant ceremonies are not open to public view.[2] Buyers of cattle and baskets come, but they do not stay long. Older boys, who often herd the stock while their elders deal with cattle-buyers, have little to do with the buyers, but they learn what prices to expect and how to bargain.

882 563 571 Whites who live on the Reservation—traders, occasional miners, a few missionaries, and government employees—are familiar figures to the youth of districts in which they live or visit often. Adolescents' contacts with these persons are almost entirely impersonal, and few youths make any effort to change this situation. Some exceptional adolescents will talk readily with whites and are willing to act as interpreters, but in both eastern and western districts teen-age boys and girls are likely to face whites with a rather blank expression and would prefer to watch them unseen. When addressed by a strange white, the young Papago usually replies with "Yes," "No," or "I don't know." Often the brevity of the answer is due as much to difficulty of understanding or fear

2. However, many tourists come to see the old mission on San Xavier Reservation.

6: Densmore E-5 (1920) 1929NU28 Papago NU28

524 one thus exposed the score was 4; No. 2 gave a score of 6; No. 3 counted 14, and No. 4 counted 15, the other three sticks, of course, falling with the plain or undecorated side uppermost.

[525] Both of these games are usually witnessed by a number of spectators, and there is considerable betting on the result.

TREATMENT OF THE SICK

153 It is the belief of the Papago that only a portion of human illnesses and ailments are due to material causes. The portion thus attributed consists of bruises, cuts, and minor bodily discomforts, but what we term "major illnesses" are explained in a different manner. The causes for these are believed to be psychic in character. Certain illnesses were attributed to sorcery and the treatment of such illnesses was in reality a contest between the psychic ("medicine" or "magic") power of the doctor and that of the person believed to be working the evil on the patient. Part of the doctor's skill consisted in his ability to determine who was working the evil, after which he matched his power against that of his adversary. If his power were the stronger his patient would recover; if his were the weaker the man would die. Other illnesses were attributed to spirit birds and animals, to the spirits of the dead, and to other causes of like nature, but in every instance the cause of the disease imparted the secret of its cure to some medicine man, or "doctor." Singing formed a part of the X [533] treatment of the sick and the songs were imparted together with instructions for the treatment. Herbs and other material remedies were sometimes administered, but the knowledge of their use was supposed to be obtained in "dreams."

156 The term "doctor" will generally be used in this chapter to designate a man who treats the sick. The term "medicine man" is more general in its application and may be applied to anyone who achieves results by "magic." The power of a medicine man was psychic in its character and, continuing this terminology, a medicine man may be regarded as a "developed psychic." He might use his power in treating the sick, or he might be a clairvoyant, or he might use his power to evil ends, thus developing his power in the way he desired.

153 The Papago have a tradition that sickness was scattered abroad when Earth Magician disappeared into the ground. (See p. 21.) Comparison with the beliefs of certain other tribes makes it clear that the "sickness" thus spread abroad was not a definite ailment but a general disposition toward illness which became present in the air. A parallel in our own thought is the statement that "the air is full of

6: Densmore E-5 (1920)1929 NU28 Papago NU28

would use their power to locate the medicine man who placed it, and would report their suspicions to the chief, who would act as he thought best in dealing with the man. 754

The destruction of a poison tube was attended with considerable danger. It was said that a poison tube was once found in an old house near San Xavier. An old medicine man located it, seized it with his hands and fell unconscious. He fell on some cholla cactus but was so deeply unconscious that he did not feel pain, nor know when his friends pulled the cactus spines from his flesh. He remained unconscious for about 10 minutes. Other men took the tube from him, carried it away, and burned it. Few medicine men had sufficient power to take hold of a tube alone and a group of men usually kept together so that if one took hold of the poison tube he could be saved by his associates. The men wrapped the tube in a cloth and ran with it to a fire, throwing it into the flames. Then came a slight explosive noise like a cork popping out and they saw the coals fly upward a little. The medicine men held out their arms and did not make a sound until the slight explosion took place, then they dropped their arms and began to moan like a person in pain.

These poison tubes were sometimes seen by persons who dared not touch them. Several years ago Mr. Encinas, the interpreter, saw one that had not opened. It was destroyed by a medicine man just as the sickness was beginning. This man was in his home about 10 miles from San Xavier when he saw a light over the village. He came to the village to treat a sick man and told the people he had seen the light and that it indicated the presence of a poison tube. Taking several medicine men with him, he found the tube and burned it. He said it was so powerful that if all the poison had been liberated it would have killed the whole village, beginning with the old people.

Among the Papago there were men called "sun medicine men" who claimed to get their power from the sun. It is said they were able to "take the light of the sun and throw it into the night." The strange brightness was said to be stronger than daylight and by it the medicine man could see objects many miles away. The song next following is the song of such a medicine man and is addressed to those who are searching near him for a poison tube. He does not offer to help them for he knows the tube is far away. 756

The next song was recorded by the writer's interpreter at San Xavier. (Pl. 13, *a*.) 000

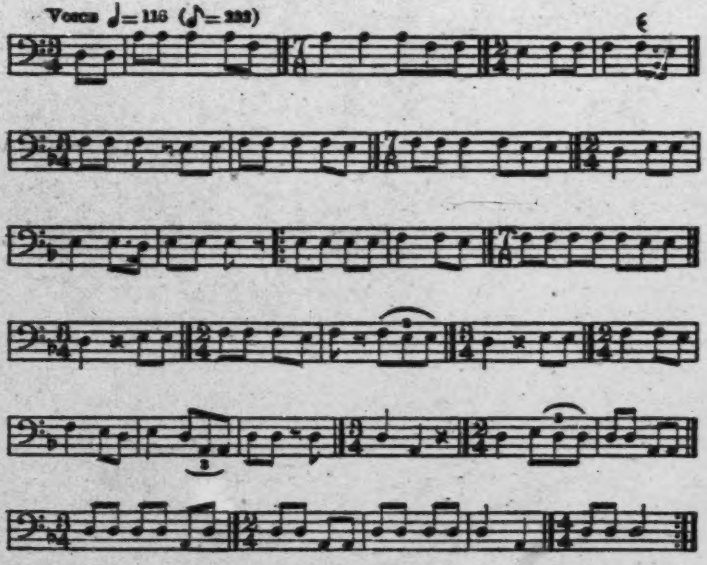
6: Densmore E-5 (1920) 1929NU28 Papago NU28

Y 533 The next song was recorded by the writer's interpreter at San Xavier (Pl. 13, a.)

No. 45. "A White Wind from the West"

(Catalogue No. 1072)

Recorded by HARRY ENCINAS



TRANSLATION

From the west a white wind is coming out.
Stand there and look, it is not near,
It is beside the ocean, there you will see it.
By the reflected light of the sun you will see it.

Analysis.—The larger part of this song contains no interval larger than a minor third. In the latter portion the fourth occurs frequently. The song is minor in tonality, contains the tones of the minor triad and second, and has its beginning and ending on the same tone.

● 756 Before proceeding to a consideration of various diseases and their cure we will note certain persons whose peculiar duty was the making of the diagnosis. Such a person was called a *siʔitkam* and his position was one of great responsibility. He studied the case, decided what ailed the patient, and directed who should be summoned to give the treatment.

Y 533 The next song is that of such a man named Jose Maria who was living when this material was collected (1920). It is a song which he might sing at any time. Jose Maria did not want others to learn his songs and had a peculiar manner of singing them. He sang the first

6: Densmore E-5 (1920) 1929NU28 Papago NU28

X 533 more than once in the song. The form of the melody is not of so high an order as the poetry contained in the words.

The following is the "companion song," and was sung to the same melody.

WORDS

Tharaj	pi	yoĕwa	himûna	waha	pi
Sun	is	slowly	going	and	is
yoĕvi	ki	hononye	cucukûr	nakamûrli	
slower	in	setting	black	bats	
nuĕnakûr	maĕno		kuma	kokopa	yaĕli
will be	swooping		that is all	spirit	children
inowayiĕurcov		yahaĕwara		iyaĕlhimûr	
beneath		moving around		rolling	
inowani	wûrwûrmikûr		viviki		
around	among		tufts of eagle down		
cucuĕkima					
stuck up at intervals					

FREE TRANSLATION

The sun is slowly departing,
It is slower in its setting,
Black bats will be swooping when the sun is gone,
That is all.

The spirit children are beneath,
They are moving back and forth,
They roll in play among tufts of white eagle down,
That is all.

X 533 756 775 Songs were also used in treating sickness caused by Papago spirits. Such songs belonged to Owl Woman (pl. 17, *a*), who is commonly known by the Spanish name Juana Manwell. The name Owl Woman is a translation of her Papago name. She lives at San Xavier, near the house and well shown in Plate 2, *b*, *c*. When she treats the sick her songs are sung by Sivariano Garcia. (Pl. 17, *b*.)

Owl Woman said that the disturbing spirits were those of Papago who followed the old customs, not those of "Roman Catholic Indians," who, according to Owl Woman, "remain near the villages all the time and loaf around the houses." She said the spirits of old-time Papago usually stay near their graves during the day but at night they go to the spirit land. Owl Woman holds familiar converse with these spirits and uses songs they have given her for the treatment of the sick. She said the road to the spirit land is not far away but only the spirits know its location. The road forks at a distance from the village, one branch leading to the spirit land and the other "going off into space." The spirits travel this road after nightfall as they can see better in the dark than in the daytime.

6: Densmore E-5 (1920)1929 NU28 Papago NU28

The spirits first revealed themselves to Owl Woman when she was in extreme grief over the death of her husband and other relatives. This was 30 or 40 years prior to the recording of her songs in 1920. The spirits took her to the spirit land in the evening and brought her back in the early dawn, escorting her along a road. They took her to a high place from which she could see the abode of the spirits, and her dead relatives came one at a time to talk with her. If too many had come at once they would have taken her back with them. In these meetings she found her relatives happy and looking neither younger nor older than in life. The spirit land, into which she looked, was thickly populated, the people living "on the ground," as in the old times, and not in houses. She saw blackish waters, beside which the children played. The spirits danced during the night, enjoying the same pleasures as when they were on earth.

When the spirits had taken her many times to their abode and had shown her many things they decided that she should be taught certain songs for the cure of sickness caused by the spirits. It was not necessary that she should go to the spirit land to learn the songs. It was decided that a person, at his death, should go where the other spirits are and "get acquainted a little," after which he would return and teach her some songs.

The time elapsing between a death and the return of the spirit varies from a few days to two or three years. She has seldom received more than two songs from a spirit. When giving her the songs they do not come close to her but stand 30 or 40 feet away. She recognizes them as clearly as she would a living person. In recent years she has gone less frequently to the spirit land, as the spirits have come to her so freely. They tell her many things. For instance, a young woman died who had been married only two months. She came to Owl Woman long afterwards and told of her sadness, saying, "I dropped my tears all the way." Often the sick whom she has treated unsuccessfully return to say they were sorry she could not help them. They say it was the fault of the diagnostician, who did not recognize their disease.

The decision of the spirits was made known to her by the spirit of a man who was killed near the present site of Tucson. He came to her house one night and told her not to be sad any more about her dead relatives, and said that if any of the people were sick she would have songs with which to cure them. The night after this appearance he gave her a song, and later he gave her another (Nos. 72 and 73). It was many years before she used these in treating the sick. Then her grandson was so sick that it seemed certain that he would die and she decided to try her singing. She sang and treated him with the owl feathers and he recovered. She has now received hundreds of these songs, so many that she can not remember them all. It is

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X 533 756 possible for her to treat the sick without singing, but she prefers to have the songs. The custom is that four songs be sung, then she treats the sick man with a bunch of owl feathers on which she sprinkles ashes from his fire. She strokes his body with them to "get out the sickness" in the manner noted in the description of the deer medicine. There is no singing during the treatment.

Owl Woman taught her songs to her son-in-law, but as he lives in the country she taught them also to Garcia, who lives in the village and whose services are available at almost any time. They usually spend an entire night with a sick person and by morning he is perceptibly better or else she knows that she can not help him. She uses certain songs for the beginning of the treatment, others are sung shortly before midnight, others after midnight, and still others as the day is breaking. If possible they have 15 or 20 other singers, each with a gourd rattle.

X 533 The phonographic recording of Owl Woman's songs occupied an entire day. She did not wish to sing into the phonograph and insisted that Garcia record the songs. She sang each song softly in order to recall it to his mind, and toward the latter part of the day she sang with him, but not loud enough for her voice to be recorded. At the beginning of the day, when telling of her visits to the spirit world, she had the appearance of a sibyl, with a strange, far-seeing look in her eyes. The day was chilly and in addition to the white head covering worn by the Papago women she wore her black shawl wrapped tightly around her, as shown in her portrait. In the first two hours Garcia's interest did not falter and he sang one song after another at her dictation. But there came a time when he left out two or three words. There was much talking in Papago. The old woman was suddenly full of animation and fire. The interpreter said, "She is telling him that he must not be discouraged because he forgot those few words. She says he must go on as if nothing had happened." Garcia rallied to his task and the work continued, but the old woman gave closer attention to her singer. Even to one who did not understand the language it was evident that she was encouraging him and holding his interest. She was bright, active, with an occasional witticism at which they laughed heartily. At the close of the afternoon Garcia was singing steadily with little sign of weariness but her face was drawn and tired, as of one who had been under a long strain. How many long nights she had held her singers at their task by the force of her personality, while she watched the flickering life of a sick man!

Each of the four parts of the night has its own songs, which are in groups of four and are sung in sequence. The next two songs are those which were given to Owl Woman by the man who was killed near Tucson and are the songs with which she always begins a treatment.

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the conclusion of the ceremony each person was given a "little branch of a certain tree" (prayer stick). The people took these to their homes in the assurance that they would have rain and consequently have good crops.

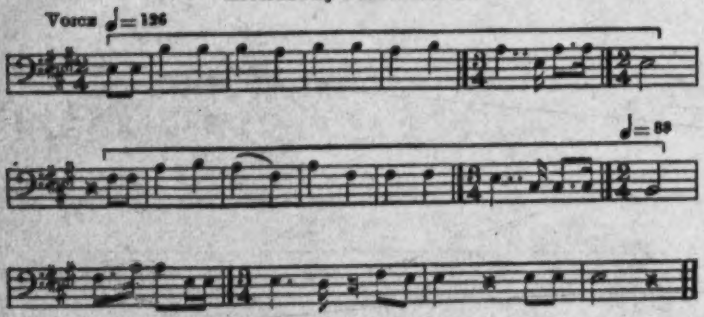
Medicine men exhibited their power during this gathering. Jose Ascencio (pl. 17, *b*) said he had attended the ceremony several times and that on one occasion he saw a medicine man come out of the inclosure and walk toward the east. It was about noon and the ground was hard and dusty. The man walked a little distance, sat down, made a cigarette, and smoked it. Then he took out his handkerchief, spread it on the ground, and put fine dirt in it; he took up the handkerchief by the corners, twisted it, finally twisting it tighter and tighter, and water came out of it. When he opened the handkerchief there was wet clay in it. The man put the clay in his pocket and walked back to the inclosure. There was no singing; he only "smoked and breathed on the handkerchief."

The following Viikita songs were sung during the dancing:

No. 100. "The Corn on Frog Mountain"

(Catalogue No. 1050)

Recorded by JOSE ASCENCIO



TRANSLATION

Frog Mountain, on top of it the corn comes up.
Eat it, eat it.

Analysis.—This is a melody of unusual interest, consisting of two periods of six measures each, with a closing period of four measures in a slower tempo. A triple measure with practically the same slow tempo occurs near the end of each period. For convenience of observation the song is transcribed with A as the keynote, although the third above that tone does not appear.

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The following song was sung in order that the men might secure a good supply of salt. It was accompanied by the rubbing of a short stick on an inverted basket. The stick was of greasewood, about 9 inches long and an inch wide, slightly flattened. The motion across the fiber of the basket was up and down, producing a soft and rather pleasant sound.

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No. 121. Song Before an Expedition to Obtain Salt (Catalogue No. 1010)

533X

Recorded by JOSE MANUEL

TRANSLATION

We are scraping the basket and singing,
We hear the echoes in all the mountains around us,
We will make a trip to the salt and are singing to make it easy for us to get it.

Analysis.—This song is minor in tonality but contains only one minor third. The major third occurs three times in descending progression, followed by a descending semitone which gives a peculiar and interesting effect. Almost one-third of the intervals are semitones, which is unusual in the songs under analysis. A change to a very slow tempo occurs in the closing measures.

When making the trip to obtain medicine power a man was required to walk the entire distance. If he took a pack animal he was not allowed to ride it. He carried water and pinole but was allowed to eat and drink only a very little. Beside the salt bed was a little well in which the water was salt but not so salt as the ocean. On arriving at this well he might drink a very little water. Beside the well he left whatever he was carrying and ran four times around the salt bed, going from the east to the north, west, and south. He then crossed the dunes to the sea and ran to Hiamorli. This was a sand bar extending into the sea about 50 miles beyond the salt bed and was described as the "place where the water turns and runs into the place where they get the salt." A line of hills (sand dunes) extended

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6: Densmore E-5 (1920) 1929NU28 Papago NU28

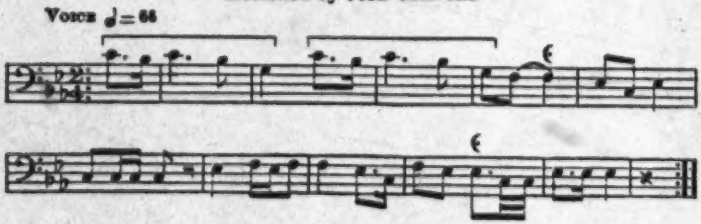
from the salt bed to Hiamorli and a man crossed these soon after leaving the salt bed, traveling thereafter on the sandy shore. On Hiamorli he rested a short time and "talked to the sea, asking it to make him a powerful medicine man." Then he ran back to the salt bed, drank again of the little well, and returned to his camp. He was not permitted to stop running except on Hiamorli. Only the best runners could compass this journey. An informant stated that he knew of two young men who started from the salt bed about midnight, ran to Hiamorli, and returned when the sun was at a height corresponding to about 10 o'clock in the morning. They were running almost the entire time, as the rest on Hiamorli was of short duration. The "medicine power" was usually received by a man during the period of isolation after his return home.

The following song was sung after the men arrived at the salt bed.

No. 122. "We Will Run Around the Salt Bed"

(Catalogue No. 1011)

Recorded by JOSE MANUEL



TRANSLATION

We will run around the salt bed,
We will run so fast that the stars will seem to run,
In this way perhaps one of us may secure magic power.

Analysis.—No change of measure lengths occurs in this song, which is a particularly pleasing melody. The first and second phrases begin on the unaccented part of the measure and the third phrase containing no rhythmic unit begins with a quarter note on the accented count. The song is on the second five-toned scale and contains only two intervals larger than a minor third.

The following song was sung on the expeditions to obtain salt. The melody is the same as that of the preceding song. The first word of this is "hiciă," a word whose meaning could not be ascertained. It is used at the beginning of the salt songs but in no other connection. This song is said to be very old and to have come down from some forgotten medicine man "who lived when the people first found out about medicine." On being questioned concerning the mention of rain in this and the song next following the informants said that

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few minutes later the Baboquivari Range, at a distance of ten miles, was enveloped in a light fog. The change was not only seen but felt, the temperature fell, and the moisture of the air was very perceptible. As the wagon was heavy and the road led uphill, it grew late before our arrival, but the moon was half full, so we found our way easily in the now quite chilly evening. The spell of extremely dry air was broken and the season of rain showers approaching.

We made our camp next to a big mezquite tree on a slope among the ranches. The weird singing of a medicine-man sounded through the greater part of the night. Few are those Papagoes who have lost faith in their own doctors, and even the so-called policemen turn to them for relief if anything ails them.

Fresnal consists in reality of three rancherias, and we found ourselves in the middle one. They are pleasantly situated among the foot-hills and look like villages. The name is derived from some ash trees that grow in the arroyo, the native name having the same meaning. Naturally, the rainfall is greater here in the mountains than on the llano and, according to local accounts, the arroyos at times run a whole day. Occasionally the water is six feet deep. The Indians say that the arroyos here carry water to the Sonoita River.

The Indians of Fresnal are well-to-do; three or four of the men are reputed to own as many as two hundred head of cattle and fifty horses each. Wagons and good horses were seen, and there were plenty of chickens about. Men and women, especially the latter, looked in

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753 755 825 the faculty of making people ill except the deer and the pronghorn antelope. To relieve the illness the doctor had sung a song to the animal, asking it to take the 755 pain away. He then walked into his house; somebody must have told him that I was a *makai* (doctor, medicine-● 756 man), for a few minutes later, to my surprise, he brought out his medicine basket, easily recognized by its long shape, and came up to me. We sat down on the ground; he took off the cover and began to unpack the contents of his tray.

753 Many people gathered around us and the sick man half rose from his mat in order to turn around to see who the stranger was. There were many remedies of a similar character to the one just described. Images of certain animals, accompanied by appropriate ceremonies and exhortations, are thought to relieve ailments. Like the native doctor himself, an animal is thought to be able to cause illness as well as to cure. The turtle [825] causes stiffness, the butterfly produces vomiting, and the badger gives backache. The deer makes persons cough, and their voices weak, and may give consumption; but a deer-tail, placed on a stick and manipulated in the proper way by the medicine-man, will cure that illness, for, as Castillo added by way of explanation, "it is not often you see the deer thin." A piece of clay taken from a gopher's burrow is used against excessive menstrua- [821] tion or stomach pain. The sun is apt to give fever, and a patient suffering thus is relieved at sunrise; during the incantations of the doctor a small wooden image of the sun rests on the ground, while the patient faces the east.

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The old man seemed glad to explain everything. He was also willing to sell me some of his treasures. One of them was a medicine-man's plume consisting of four eagle plumes tied together so that they diverged two by two. When used, these are held by the quill ends as a handle and moved in the air forward and backward as if dusting an object. When the young girls come of age they are "dusted" in this way from all evil. The implement was new and well made, and I wanted to buy it. "The plume is very valuable," he answered; "with us it is at least worth as much as a horse or a cow." He would, however, make it easy for me by letting me have it for $2.50. I presented him with a pouch of tobacco and a handful of candy, the cause of much interest to his little grandchildren who had been clinging to the good-natured old man all the time that he was explaining. He also promised to show me the so-called Montezuma's Cave, in the peak of Baboquivari, some day.

In a light wagon which Pablo borrowed we started on an excursion south, to be possibly extended beyond the border to Pozo Verde. The day was moist and warm. We passed several extensive summer rancherias or temporales as they are usually called. The rude fences of mezquite looked substantial and the Indian ranches gave an impression of prosperity. At two places there were dams also fenced in, but they were empty; they had been made by scooping up the rich soil with scrapers and horse-power. The water in such ponds lasts only three or four months and is not for irrigating purposes, but solely for the use of men and beasts. The

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Next morning I had an appointment with the Keeper of the Smoke. Some days before he had promised to make for me a shield of the same kind as the Papagoes until quite recently were in the habit of making when going on the war-path against the Apaches. As this is a solemn act, which entails much fasting and praying on the part of the maker, and also as it would mean, according to Indian notions, certain risks and observances on my part, we had agreed on a meeting at which I should be enlightened as to my duties and dangers in the matter.

Accompanied by Pablo I arrived at the medicine lodge at the appointed hour, which was "a little after the sun is over the horizon." We found the keeper sitting under the jacal in front of the lodge and facing the east. He was a stern, almost fanatical-looking Indian who conscientiously observes all the rules and regulations his religion imposes on him. There was no English or Spanish about this man. "I do not do things from hearsay," he began. "Every evening I make a fire east of the jacal (in the winter it would be inside the lodge) and tell the people what I know to be the truth. In this house I tell the people what to do, and this is the place where any undertaking should begin."

He spoke for nearly an hour. The shield he would make alone, and the proper precautions would be taken, but he wanted to be assured that I would not trifle with it, and that I should help in its making by fasting. "People have sold you clown's masks and singer's masks," he continued; "that is very wrong, and should never have been done. The merit of the feast passes away with

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those things. They ought to be returned, but I am not going to ask you to do that, because the things have been paid for, so it would not be right to have the bargains changed. But I want to tell you one thing which you probably do not know. Those objects are apt to make you ill, and when that happens, do not blame the Indians!"

When the time came for me to answer, I reassured him on the several points that caused him anxiety. The things I had acquired were going to be well cared for. I expressed my pleasure at the elucidation his talk had given me, and told him that I should like much to have another meeting with him by and by. He believed in me, he answered, and would meet me here again later on, but at present he was too busy making ready for the sahuaro feast which was soon to come off. He was glad to see me among his people, he added.

Next day, availing myself of the permission already obtained, we again visited the "cemetery" as well as other sacred spots in the neighborhood. I was shown the place where the elder men, sitting in a circle, make the small, bright blue prayer-sticks for the great harvest festival. One end is pointed, and to the other is tied a turkey feather; about two hundred and fifty of these are distributed at the feast in the interest of health, and some are buried later, to keep the fields moist.

The shrine of the buried jar is situated at the crossing of two tracks, one leading to the "children's cemetery," which is west of it. It is customary for those who visit the latter place also to call here and deposit some

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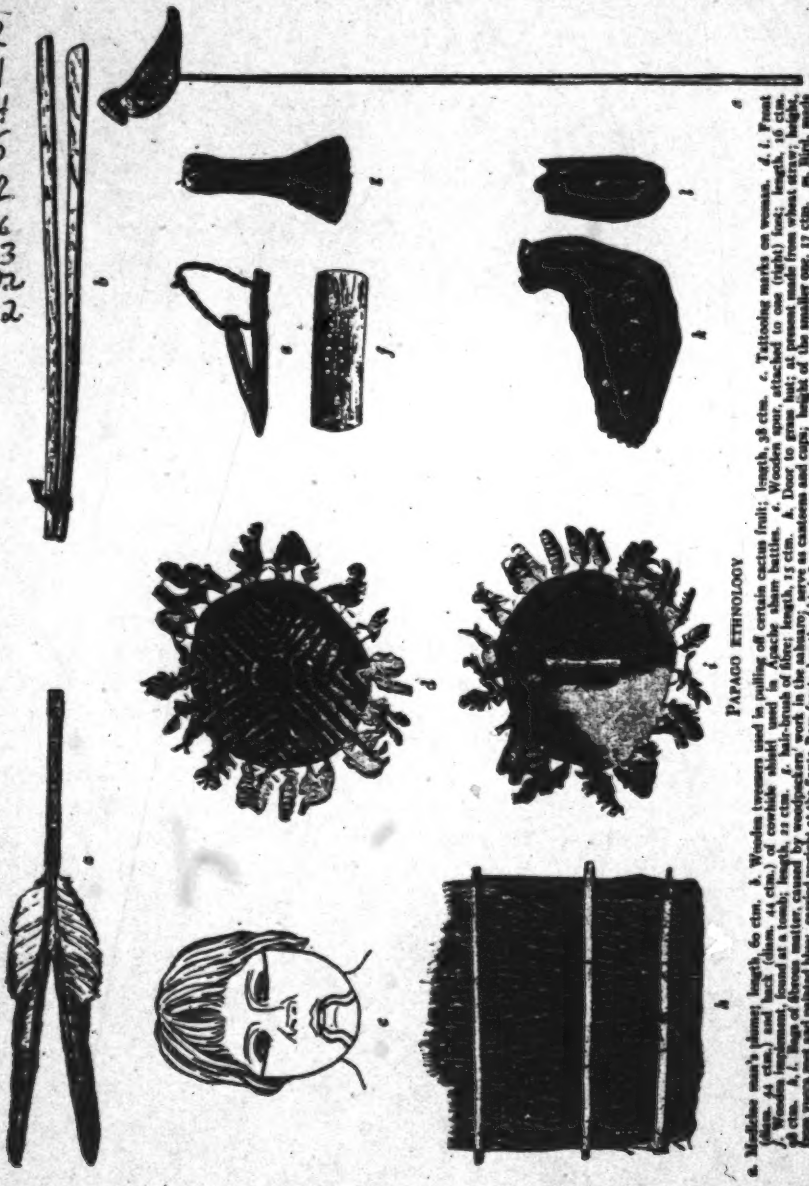

PAPAGO ETHNOLOGY

a. Medicine man's plumes; length, 60 cm. b. Wooden implement used in pulling off certain cactus fruit; length, 38 cm. c. Tattooing marks on woman. d, f. Front (fig. 44 cm.) and back (fig. 44 cm.) of cowhide shield, used in Apache alien battles. e. Wooden spur, attached to one (right) foot; length, 16 cm. g. Wand, found at a tomb; length, 22 cm. h. Hair-brush of fiber; length, 15 cm. i. Door to grass hut; at present, made from wheat straw; height, 98 cm. k, l. Bags of diverse matter, caused by woodpeckers' work in the saharuy, serve as canteens and cups; height of the smaller one, 17 cm. m. Bird, made from yucca root and painted blue; carried upright at the Santa Rosa feast; length of bird, 8 cm.

[Facing p. 110]

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having a delightful time meeting friends and enjoying the gifts of autumn. "When she decides to go home she will receive loads of provisions of the new year," remarked my interpreter. One of the principal men of Quitovac was making a round of calls for the same purpose. He had only a small field himself, for at Quitovac there is much competition with the Mexicans, but, as an Indian said, "he has only to sit down; all is coming to him."

On our arrival at La Nariz, Thursday, November 11, a cold, disagreeable wind from south south-west was blowing over the llano, after dark changing to westerly, whereupon it suddenly became northerly and warmer, the sky clearing of some threatening clouds in the south. In the small hours of the morning I awoke, to my surprise, from light rain falling on my tent, which lasted for half an hour. I had made friends among the Indians at the last place visited, and their compatriots here did their best to be obliging. The next day all the men gathered outside of my tent, and we had a five hours' talk on matters of interest to both sides. La Nariz is an Indian rancheria, its name being derived from a near-by mountain which, from a certain point of view, presents the profile of a human face with a well-marked nose.

There were only five families here living in rectangular houses of ocotillo poles laid horizontally and plastered with mud. I found them pleasant to deal with and anxious to preserve what there was left to them of ancient beliefs and customs. The soul of this endeavor was an elderly medicine-man, the principal man of the place. Two medicine lodges were noticed here, one of them

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having had to be abandoned because a Papago woman during a rainy night had slept there. According to the notions of many primitive people, she was at the time unclean, and became the cause of the building of a new lodge. At the native cemetery many makai have been interred who on feast occasions are invited to take part with the living.

The old man's son had married a woman who was reputed to be a prophet—a female makai, with whom the principal men from Quitovac and other localities at times consulted. She looked about thirty years old and had been totally blind for three years. According to her own account, she had previous to her blindness suffered for a year from violent headache and pain in the eyes. I have seen Indians made blind through small-pox, their eyes covered in a similar way with large whitish spots over the iris. In the house of this couple were held the nightly meetings that usually took place at the new medicine lodge, as the latter had been temporarily profaned by the interference of an ox that had browsed and torn the straw of which its dome-shaped roof was composed.

I proposed to my Papago interpreter, Clemente, that we should attend that evening, as nothing worse could happen to us than to be told that our presence was not desired. A brisk fire was burning as we entered, making the interior look attractive though there was no outlet for the smoke except through the door. Several mats had been spread on the earthen floor around the fire for the participants to sit upon. Two were placed for Clemente and me, on which we immediately seated ourselves, thus